

Mevlânâ  
Celâleddîn  
Rumî

Dîvân-i Kebîr  
Volume 13

translated by  
Nevit O. Ergin

# Dîvân-i Kebîr

Bahr-i Hezec Ahrab Museddes

Volume 13



Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi



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**Bahr-i Hezec Ahrab Museddes**



*Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rûmî*

translated by  
**Nevit Oguz Ergin**

**Echo Publications**  
Los Angeles, California USA

# **Dîvân-i Kebîr**

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## Introduction

Humanity is currently stepping on the two-thousand-year mark, bringing with it thousands of years of suffering. After all these years, humans long for peace, love and tolerance. Yet, wars and conflicts still continue in various parts all over the world.

While searching to solve the mysteries of space, human beings are unable to understand the secrets of peace and happiness. Man never learns his lessons of the past and because of this, he repeats the same mistakes.

Humanity needs to open a new chapter in this new millennium, no longer carrying its animosities, ugliness, and evils to the lives of our children and grandchildren.

For seven hundred years, Mevlana, a great Turkish thinker and Sultan of Heart, has been calling humanity constantly to love, friendship, and peace. He teaches us that the primary requisite for tolerance is to see people as human beings and not notice their race, religion or sect. The essence of Mevlana's philosophy is based on this kind of human love.

Reading Mevlana will help reawaken the feelings of love and tolerance within each of us. An aspiration for a world filled with peace, brotherhood, and friendship in our hearts will be more attainable with Mevlana's love.

M. Istemihan Talay  
Minister of Culture  
Republic of Turkey

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## Translator's Note

Among all of their adversaries, humans are probably their own worst enemy. Maybe the answers to humanity's problems are beyond humanity. Maybe beyond is where we need to go.

Mevlana began as a human being, but transcended his human nature to become close to the Almighty. He relates his journey so eloquently that once we start listening to him, we realize we don't need anything else.

We have come a long way with our translations of this magnificent work. Although ten volumes are yet to be published, the work of translation is almost complete.

You will note that we have entitled this volume Volume 13, and it is comprised of the first half of Meter 13. Among the gazels in this first half of Meter 13, there are three -- Gazel 7, Gazel 50, and Gazel 55 -- in the Murabbe, or quatrain, form. In this form, two verses make up one quatrain.

I lost my dearest friend, my biggest helper, Mrs. Terry Peart, this past year. She will always be remembered by anyone who ever reads the *Divân*.

Nevit O. Ergin



Leather binding of *Divân-i Kebîr* (c.1368)  
registered at the Mevlânâ Museum in Konya.

Dîvân-i Kebîr  
Volume 13  
**Bahr-i Hezec Ahrab Museddes**

*Mefilû Mefailûn Feifûn*

# 1.

## **Verse 1**

*Page 1 of original Divan, Volume II.*

**B**eloved, you are the only one in our heart.  
The others are brick, stone and rock.

Every lover has chosen one beloved.  
We haven't seen anyone but you, O beloved.

If there is another moon besides you,  
Our eyes don't see it.  
We are not jealous of anybody but you.

O people, as long as you don't mention Him  
You may have all the beauties.

The one who has seen greatness  
Doesn't bother love's play with temporary beauty.

The one who expects God's favor  
Doesn't give his heart to anything but that favor.

If you would be jealous, be jealous of God.  
The prophets have this jealousy, too.

What would Jesus do with churches  
When He ascends to the fourth layer of sky?

Abu Bekir and Omer have chosen  
Osman and Murtaza Ali.<sup>1</sup>

O Shems of Tebriz, let the river flow  
So that the millstone will turn.



## 2.

### *Verse 11*

☉ Soul, O One who is the cause  
Of all souls becoming souls,  
O One who gives wing to souls  
And makes them fly!

Why would we be afraid of loss  
When we are with You,  
O One who turns loss into gain?

Cry help from the arrows of sight,  
Help from the brows that resemble a bow.

You give sugar to ruby-lipped beauties  
Whose mouths stay open with greed.

O One who puts the key in our hand,  
Then makes us open the door of the world!

If you are not among us,  
Why have these waists been fastened like this?

If you don't have wine whose trace doesn't appear,  
What do these traces prove?

If you are created out of our illusion,  
Why are these illusions so alive?  
And made live by whom?

If you are hidden from our world,  
Who brings these hidden ones into the open?

Never mind all this world's tales.  
We are tired of them.

The soul who has fallen in love  
With the beauty who scatters sugar  
Doesn't care for heaven, won't fit there.

The one who became dust under your feet  
Doesn't look for the sky.

Close my mouth with your protection.  
Don't let me fall in these words.



### 3.

#### **Verse 24**

**O**ne who is seriously involved with magic  
And shows the gazelle like a lion to the eyes,

Eyes become cross-eyed with your spell.  
You make eyes see double.

You showed an orange as a plum.  
Yet, how could an orange become a plum?

Your spell showed a goat as a wolf,  
Wheat as barley.

Your spell showed the roll of imagination  
As the decree of immortality.

The beard of the ignorant deviate is filled  
By the wind of right direction with your spell.

Your spell, O one who shows  
An Indian as a Turk, made us a sophist.<sup>2</sup>

Your spell shows an elephant as strong as Rustem<sup>3</sup>  
To be like a mosquito in time of war.

They fight, and their order of fate  
Takes its proper course.



Don't be a sophist, be silent.  
Use your divine language.



## 4.

### Verse 34

He saw Shemseddin, who is the praise of Tebriz  
And envied by China, from a distance.

He saw from a distance the eyes of that sky,  
The One who gives life to the earth.

The soul who sees him in such a way  
Becomes like that, even worse.

He said to me, "I'll kill you by making you cry.  
I answered him, "Your ordinary servant?"

During this conversation he suddenly appeared  
From the land of absence, from ambush.

He spread fire to his servant's existence,  
Removed arrogance and grudges from their roots.

It was not only the tulip whose heart was burned  
By that wine. The jasmine also became drunk.

Our wishes are in his shirt,  
But he is shaking his sleeve at us.

He is such a sultan  
That when he shows his face to the moon,  
The sky puts a saddle on its horse and runs.

Sit crooked but talk straight.<sup>4</sup> There is  
No peer to that real sultan of soul.

By God, even the auspicious Archangel  
Gabriel has no news from him.

What nonsense do you talk?  
He made even seven layers of sky talk.

If we open our Soul's eye and see Him,  
We won't even buy Yakin<sup>5</sup>  
For the price of one grain of barley.

Alas! That kingdom of union  
Has worn the reverse side of his fur.

O love musician of my Shemseddin,  
For the sake of your soul, say this:

If I don't get the chance to kiss his hand,  
I'll keep my forehead on the ground.



## 5.

### *Verse 50*

The moon face has shown his loyalty here.  
We should never leave here.

There is help for spiritual living and pleasure  
For both eyes here.

Our feet get stuck in the mud here.  
How can we free our feet from here?

I swear to God that we love it here.  
My God, don't exile us from here.

There is no road to death from here.  
Death is to leave here.

You were borne here, like the sun.  
You enlightened us here.

The soul becomes happy here;  
Rejuvenates and finds immortality here.

Lift the curtain once more.  
Rise once more from here.

Divine wine is here.  
The cupbearer pours that wine here.

*Page 2 of original Divan, Volume II.*

That is the fountain of life.  
The water carrier  
Fills your leather container here.

Hearts have found arms and wings here.  
Here, mind went up in the air.



## 6.

### *Verse 61*

**G**et up! Prepare the morning wine.  
Fill our arms with musk and ambergris.

O beautiful-faced cupbearer,  
Bring that colorful wine.

He asked me, "What kind of cupbearer is he?"  
He is hundreds of pounds of sugar,  
Halvah after halvah.

Pour the cup of wine on the head of anxiety  
Which worries about every impossibility.

It is such a wine that if a sparrow drinks it,  
He will get the urge to hunt the phoenix.

Before you get heavy,  
Jump, come to us.

Turn around like the moon. Illuminate.  
Give that red wine to the red-faced one.

Make us drunk. We will clap our hands.  
Then watch us.

Watch the turning of drunks,  
Their coyness. Hear their noises.

This one put his arms around the other's neck  
Saying, "O my sultan, my beloved, my master."

He brought his rose face,  
Kissing his beloved's hands and feet.

That one opened his face with generosity,  
Saying, "Turn. Turn freely."

The other threw his mantle and turban  
Saying, "Pawn them tomorrow."

The love which overflows there is more than the love  
Of hundreds of mothers and fathers.

This one sees that other one as a relative.  
With drunkenness, even enemies become like this.

Earthly wine causes fights. There is  
No argument at God's assembly.

There is no temper, no vomiting,  
No fighting there, only the cupbearer  
And the wine which adorn the assembly.

Be silent so that even the infidel self says  
Out of his jealousy,  
"There is nobody but Him to be worshipped,"



## 7.

### Verse 79<sup>6</sup>

**How** long will you be going backwards?  
**Come** forward. Don't stay at heresy.  
**It's** time to come to faith and religion.

**See** poison as sherbet. Grab the poison.  
**At last**, come to the source of your source.

\*\*\*\*\*

**You** are on earth with form. But you  
**Are** the threat of the pearl of certainty.

**You** became the custodian  
**Of the** storage of God's grace;  
**At last** come to the source of your source.

\*\*\*\*\*

**If you** give yourself to ecstasy,  
**It is** sure that you will be saved from yourself.

**You** jumped out of the bonds of thousands of traps;  
**At last** come to the source of your source.

\*\*\*\*\*

**You** came from the sperm of a prince.  
**Open** your eyes to this ordinary world.



Pity how joyful you are.  
At last, come to the source of your source.

\*\*\*\*\*

Although you are the spell of earth,  
You are mine inside.

Open both your eyes.  
At last, come to the source of your source.

\*\*\*\*\*

You are the son of light and greatness;  
Have an auspicious fate and good fortune.

How long will you be crying for illusionary things?  
At last, come to the source of your source.

\*\*\*\*\*

You are a ruby, hidden around hard rocks.  
How long will you be deceiving us?

O my friend, he appears to your eyes openly.  
At last, come to the source of your source.

\*\*\*\*\*

You come like that,  
Your beautiful eyes full of fire and drunk.

From the arms of the unruly beloved.  
At last, come to the source of your source.

\*\*\*\*\*

Shems of Tebriz, that cupbearer is offering you  
A glass full of the wine of immortality;  
It is pure and clear.

“Glory be to God.”  
At last, come to the source of your source.



## 8.

### *Verse 97*

How come you leave our house with our fire,  
Our flame and go to your own house?

Don't ever talk about our horse, our whip  
To Rustem-i Zal,<sup>7</sup>

Because nothing but the truth  
Will know of our cheating and deceit.

We cannot fit in anyone's heart  
Because our comb is in His hair.

Wherever you see the hair of His arrow,  
Make sure that our trace is there.

Talk about love. Say, "Love is a trap,"  
But never mention our bait.

O heart's confidant,  
Don't ever remember our story.

If you don't talk, you'll get used to it  
And become mute.

There was our so and so who was the owner  
Of such and such's heart at Tebriz.



## 9.

### *Verse 106*

I saw that face which resembles a rose garden.  
I saw the eyes of that brilliance.  
I saw His light.

I saw that soul's kible,  
The place for the soul to prostrate,  
That joy and pleasure.  
I saw that land of security.

Heart wanted to sacrifice  
His soul, his self there.

Soul also started to turn  
And clap his hands.

Reason came and said, "How can you talk  
And praise this auspicious fortune?"

This is such a rose smell  
That it will straighten up  
Every bent neck like a cypress.

Everything changes with love.  
Armenian becomes Turk.

O soul, you have reached the soul of souls. O body,  
You have been melted, been changed from flesh.

The alms of our beloved  
Make the money of the rich scarce.

Troubled Mary finds  
Fresh, wet dates.<sup>8</sup>

Don't be too generous with the people  
So that the stranger doesn't get jealous.

If the purpose of faith is confidence,  
Look for confidence in solitude.

Whose land of solitude is in this heart's land?  
Make it a habit to stay in the heart.

They keep serving this glass  
Of immortality in the heart's house.

Be silent. Acquire the talent of keeping silent.  
Quit the world full of talent.

Keep faith in your heart  
Because heart is the house of faith.



## 10.

### *Verse 122*

**I** saw a beautiful face,  
A beautiful Sultan,  
That eye, the light of hearts.

I saw that friend of heart, the one  
Who makes my trouble his trouble,  
That soul, the one who adds  
Soul to souls, that universe.

I saw the one who gives mind to mind  
And joy to joy.

*Page 3 of original Divan, Volume II.*

I saw the place of prostration  
Of that moon, that sky;  
I saw the one who became kible to the saints.

Every particle of mine  
Was thanking God.

When Moses saw the light  
From the tree,

Moses said, "Since I am saved from searching,  
I have found such a gift."

God said, "O Moses, stop your journey.  
Throw the staff from your hand.

At that moment, Moses threw out relatives,  
Friends, neighbors, everybody from his heart.

"Take off your shoes, O Moses," ordered God.  
What He meant by this was,  
"Quit these two worlds which adored the heart.

"Nothing would fit in the house of heart."  
Only heart knows the jealousy of the prophets.

"O Moses," God said, "what do you have in hand?"  
"The staff I need on the journey," answered Moses.

"Throw that staff out of your hand  
And see the marvels of the sky," He said.

He threw out the staff; it turned into a dragon.  
When Moses saw the dragon, he ran away.

God said, "Grab that. Grab it  
And I will turn it into a staff again.

"I will help your enemy.  
I turn your supporters against you like that.

"That way, you will know that all your  
Faithful friends are my gift.  
No one else would be able to help you.

"If I give trouble to hands and feet  
Your hands and feet will turn into a snake."

O hand, don't hang on anybody but me.  
O foot, don't want to go anywhere but the place  
That will be walked eventually.

Don't run away from our troubles.  
There are troubles everywhere,  
But those troubles are also ways to the remedy.

There isn't anybody  
Who tries to escape from trouble  
Who doesn't find worse trouble instead.

Stay away from bait. That's where the fear is.  
O neighbor, leave fear to reason.

Shems of Tebriz did a favor,  
But when he left, he took all favors away.





## 11.

### *Verse 144*

Cupbearer, serve that absolute wine.  
That wine which leaves no trace  
Becomes a sign to His name and fame.

Keep serving. You are adding soul  
To our soul. Make us drunk.  
Take away our soul.

Once more come inside  
Through that door that teaches cupbearers  
To become the best.

Come like a spring from the heart of rock  
And break the jar of flesh and soul.

Give joy to the ones  
Who are in love with wine.  
Give separation to the ones  
Who ask for bread.

Bread is the builder of body's jail,  
But wine is a rain that rains  
To the garden of soul.

I covered the table of earth,  
Opened the top of sky's jar.

Close your eyes which see fault.  
Open your eyes that see absence.

Open them so that neither mosque  
Nor idol house remains.  
We wouldn't recognize either one.

Be silent. The world of silence  
Fills this world with sound.



## 12.

### *Verse 154*

You said you found other friends instead of us.  
Don't say that. This is impossible.

Take care of us. Don't give excuses.  
Give today. Don't put us off until tomorrow.

O date tree, let me sleep  
Under your shade.

O love, you mixed with my heart  
Like sugar and honey are mixed in halvah.

O one whose shape, in my eye,  
Resembles a pearl in that sea!

You also have our head.  
Shake your head and say,  
"What a nice journey."

Remember, last night you made a promise.  
But, how could I dare ask you?  
Where is that power?

Even I can't touch the sun.  
You are my sun.  
At least appear to me from a distance.

This and a thousand other suns  
Are longing for you,  
Asking for you.



# 13.

## *Verse 163*

Don't make those no good ones insolent.  
Don't pay attention to those common people.

When the thief-tailor finds an opportunity,  
He steals material from the right-size garment.

Leave them outside the door like a doorknob.  
They don't even deserve that.

They come to you as a joke, clowning.  
Don't cover the obvious by expecting something.

They, themselves, are full of trouble.  
How could they expel sorrow and trouble from you?

There is no cure for sorrow and grief  
But the solitude of love.

Either to see the beloved or to smell his air,  
What else is there in this world?

Soul would see His image  
And prostrate until he sees the beloved.

Stand at His temple like a candlestick  
Because there would be a chance for the great ones.

You became helpless in the present time.  
When will you be able to see the essence of time?

When the eye gives up space,  
It will easily see the origin of space.

Soul resembles the meal. Body is the kettle.  
Put the kettle on the fire.

Put it on the fire and watch the boiling deep inside.  
After that, you won't believe in stories.

You will watch the time in which you are.  
The spectacle of truth is accomplished inwardly.

This is the beginning of this road.  
I will show the way to lost ones.

There are some  
Who have gone hundreds of stages beyond.  
How can I tell this to them?

The purpose of these words is to tell you,  
"You are saved. You have found the One  
Who is the light of heaven."

You have reached My temple,  
God's and faith's Shems;  
It is the one where human and djinn take refuge.

Tebriz has turned into sky for His help.  
I wish the ladder of heart would always remain.



## 14.

### *Verse 182*

Where is that quick, learned love's musician  
That would strike the plectrum with love  
Rather than the wish of this one or that one?

I've had this hope with every breath  
But have never seen it.  
I'll go to the grave with that desire.

If you've already seen it,  
How lucky for you, my dear friend. How lucky.

If he is as canceled as Hizir is  
Or he is at the sea coast,

O wind, bring our greetings to Him and explain  
That we are quarreling with Him in our heart.

I know that greetings like this  
Bring the Beloved to lovers.

Love is what makes the sky turn around,  
Not water. We walk with love, not with feet.

The wheel of soul also turns with tears  
When the name of the Beloved is mentioned.

*Page 4 of original Divan, Volume II.*

The lasso of the Beloved's union  
Is to recall Him. Be silent.  
Love has become exuberant again.





## 15.

### *Verse 191*

There is a journey for us without us.  
A joy came to our heart there, without us.

That moon who has been hiding from us  
Put his cheek to ours, without us.

We gave our life with his sorrow. Then his  
Sorrow brought us back to life, without us.

We are the ones  
Who are continuously drunk without wine.  
We are the ones who rejoice, without us.

Don't even think about us.  
We are the ones  
Who have gone like the wind, without us.

When we are without us, we want to stay  
That way all the time, without us.

All the doors used to be closed in our face;  
Once he let us go without us,  
All the door were opened.

Even the hearts of Keykubad are slaves  
And servants for us, because Keykubad<sup>9</sup>  
Is also a servant and slave, without us.

We are the ones who run away from good and evil,  
Run away from worship and defeatism.



# 16.

## *Verse 200*

Don't break the heart of the one  
Who became your dependent. Don't torment him.

Mercy, O heart. They don't sacrifice  
Lean animals in a religious way.

I am your drunk.  
Put that jewel-like wine in my hand.

Give me advice.  
Make peace with those narcissus eyes.

Order the magician Indians, so they  
Don't carry magic beyond the limit.

The lover has fallen into that six-cornered<sup>10</sup>  
Dungeon. Break the door of this jail.

Come forward one moment.  
Gather the fairies together.

In hundreds of places, sugar bales  
Have tied their belts like pencils.  
It looks like they've set an army.

O love, come close like a brother.  
Quit saluting like a vagabond.

O soul's cupbearer, protect the right  
Of the brotherhood at God's door.

O Noah of time,  
Move this anchored nature's boat.

O regent of Mustafa,<sup>11</sup>  
Turn that big Kevser's<sup>12</sup> cup.

O standard bearer who is dressed in red,  
Open the lip of prophecy.

Fill this field  
Where everything is yellow and pale like saffron  
With red roses and tulips.

I won't whiten that pearl-scattered  
Red wine anymore.



# 17.

## Verse 215

O my Beauty, to whom I cry  
And wail all night long, saying,  
"O my God, my God!"

Whether the sky cries or smiles, that is  
The result of the pulling from earth.

How long has the sky kept crying to the world  
And the earth been cleansed and beautified?

Hundreds of gardens and meadows  
Have been adorned with smiles  
From the tears of the sky.

Last night I was crying. The sky was crying.  
The sky and I have the same sect, the same way.

What would come out of the tears of the sky?  
Roses and fresh violets.

What would come from the tears of lovers?  
Hundreds of loves and mercy  
From that sugar-lipped beauty.

The eye would be closed and cry  
In order to have the beloved  
Show coyness with his dimples.

This tear from the cloud mixes  
With the smile of earth  
Just for you and for me.

Our cry and smile are all  
For reaching to the end.

Be silent. When you wish something  
Or desire the whole world,  
Just keep on watching.



## 18.

### *Verse 226*

**A**s long as the beloved's image is with us,  
We are in joy and witnessing a spectacle.

The hall of the house turns into a valley  
When we join our friends.

When we reach our heart's desire,  
Even a thorn is better than thousands of dates.

If we sleep at the quarter of the beloved,  
Our cover and our mattress  
Will be the star of Pleiades.

When we touch the beloved's hair,  
We are in the night of Kadir.<sup>13</sup>  
Goodness and majesty are with us.

When the reflection of your face shines,  
The mountain and valley  
Turn into silk, become satin.

When we ask for His smell from the wind,  
The sound of the harp comes.  
The sound of the shrill pipe is heard.

If we write His name on the ground,  
Every piece of dirt becomes a houri.  
Earth changes to heaven.

If we read his charm to the fire,  
The fire melts, turns into water.

Why should we extend the story?  
If we read His name,  
Absence would become Existence.

The word that has a secret sign of his love inside  
Has more substance  
Than hundreds of thousands of walnuts.

But when love shows its face,  
All of these disappear.

Be silent.  
Words are depleted, finished.  
Great God is the only intention and desire.





## 19.

### *Verse 239*

There is a beauty in your town.  
Mind and heart are restless because of him.

Everybody has his own share from him.  
There is a spring in every garden from him.

There is a yell in every corner because of him.  
Dust is raised on every road because of him.

There is a melody in every ear,  
There is an example in every eye from Him.

O hard workers, get an early start.  
A big job ahead is of us.

Secretly, a friend said in my ear,  
"There is a beautiful beloved hidden here."

It is understood from the way he talks.  
There is also a weak-hearted lover here.

He is the one who sends.  
He is the one who is sent.  
That sultan talks like that. That is his custom.

He is Noah. He saves the one  
Who goes to the bottom. He is soul,  
Concealed, but sometimes obvious.

Don't turn around the sour faces anymore.  
There is someone next to you who scatters sugar.

Don't turn around those sugar faces too much,  
Because that passion is also temporary.

There is sweetness here that has no end.  
There is a time here that never passes.

Be silent, O heart. Don't think  
There is a border or limit for Him.



## 20.

### *Verse 252*

Today a new insanity has come in such a way  
That it drags the chains of hundreds of hearts.

Today, sacks have been torn  
From the bales of sugar cane.

Again, that Bedouin has bought the Joseph of Beauty  
And put him inside of his heart.

*Page 5 of original Divan, Volume II.*

All night long, souls have grazed  
With grace and charm  
On narcissus and jasmine.

In the end, every soul has become agile  
Because of spring  
And started jumping all over.

Today, violets and tulips have grown  
From stones and bricks.

Trees have blossomed in winter;  
Fruits are harvested in the middle of January.

It looks like God has created  
A new world in the old world.

O loving sage, read that gazel that starts,  
“Love chooses you from among the lovers,”

And continues, “There is a mark  
On your pale, golden face.  
Maybe your silver-bodied beloved  
Has bitten it.”

It is possible that he may calm  
This trembling heart with his sorrow.

Be silent. Visit the garden and meadow.  
Go on an excursion. Today is the day  
That you need your eyes.



## 21.

### *Verse 264*

Anyone who has a donkey in his barn  
Thinks he has a guide to see around the world.

The bazaar of this world stands for profit.  
That's why everybody is in deep trouble.

This toil and fatigue  
Pulls people to evil and bitterness.

The shell that contains a pearl  
Stays in the sea.

The shell that doesn't have a pearl  
Will try to find a way to search for pearls.

Sometimes in the sea, sometimes close to shore,  
He keeps looking for that pearl.

Be silent. Don't look for peace and comfort.  
Only the one who has a messenger  
Will find peace, reach comfort.



## 22.

### *Verse 271*

One who is checkmated by love's sultan,  
Don't get angry. Don't talk back.

Look at the garden of absence, then watch  
The paradises of your existing soul.

If you go beyond a little bit from your being,  
You will see the heavens behind.

You will see the Sultan of truth and meaning;  
He has a tent made of light  
That has no beginning of the beginning.

When He appears to your eye, don't look for  
A miracle. Miracles are good only to find the path.

The torrent goes down to the sea coast,  
But when it merges with the ocean,  
Alas, no torrent remains.

O Shems of Tebriz, we are checkmated by you.  
Hundreds of reverences,  
Hundreds greetings from us to you.



## 23.

### *Verse 278*

**M**ake sure that time is nothing  
But one kind of love.  
Although our shape is beyond time.

Because this thing you call time resembles a cage.  
Kafdag and the phoenix are beyond the cage.

The world is like a river. We are out of this river.  
Our shadow is reflected there.

Here is the most complex, difficult metaphor.  
It is not here, but it is still here.

O soul, don't smile to any face but the face of soul;  
If it is not here, all smiles are nothing but crying.

The heart which is squeezed is not a heart,  
Because it is very large, has no beginning, no end.

Heart doesn't worry.  
Worry is not food for the heart.  
It is such a parrot that it eats sugar.

Make your head like feet as the tree does,  
Because your journey has ups and downs.

The branch looks at the roots  
Because the power of his essence comes from the feet.



## 24.

### *Verse 287*

The smoke that comes out of our heart  
Is the sign of love;  
That smoke from the heart is very obvious.

Blood has been boiling and foaming  
In the heart, wave by wave.  
This is not heart; this must be ocean.

All our friends became strangers. Even heart  
Started acting like an enemy. I don't know why.

Wherever love has unloaded its load,  
That is where condemnation is.

But we are not afraid of that criticism.  
We have made criticism our home for a long time.

Even sultans are jealous of love,  
Because love is the light of hearts.

Step to the top of seven layers of heaven,  
Because love is on high levels.

Don't be sober at the assembly of love,  
Because the one who is sober  
Is outrageous and disgraceful there.



Don't ask to become the head here,  
Because the head of the assembly  
Sees even when he closes his eyes.

Love is in the tent, yet watch  
The dust his army has raised.

He is behind the seven curtains,  
But his grace and beauty are obvious.

O brave ones, wake up.  
There is a candle. There is wine,  
And the beloved is all alone.



## 25.

### *Verse 299*

Ramadan came, but bairam is with us.  
The lock came, but the key is with us.

Mouth is closed. Eyes are opened.  
That brilliance that the eyes see is with us.

We have cleaned soul and heart with fasting.  
The dirt which has been with us is cleansed now.

Some stress comes from fasting,  
But the invisible treasure of heart is with us.

Ramadan came to the heart's temple;  
The one who created heart is with us.

Since Salahaddin is among this crowd,  
Mansur and Beyazid are with us.



## 26.

### *Verse 305*

One who loots our heart,  
My soul and hundreds of others  
Become prey for you.

What other kind of job do you have  
Besides killing people and lovers?

You keep killing. Your hands stay healthy.  
Souls of the people on earth  
Are spread and scattered to You.

I have seen so many martyrs come to life  
With the look of your dreamy eyes.

I have seen so many hesitants settle  
In your unstable fire.

If You would kindly visit them,  
No dead would remain in the ground.

Soul keeps kissing the ground where You stand  
With the hope of embracing You.



## 27.

### *Verse 312*

The glass of destiny is filled with poison,  
But it is sweet like halvah for lovers.

What would happen if you left your place  
Because of that incident?  
It is all right, really; the place is there.

Don't run away from the fire of love.  
Beside this fire, the rest are dust and smoke.

Smoke doesn't cook you. It only blackens.  
Fire is the master of cooking you.

The moth which turns around the smoke is covered  
With smoke. He is inexperienced. He is disgraced.

The one who has a journey like that in front of him  
Doesn't think of either home or work.

Don't bother to go to the city. Moses is company  
At the desert. Quail and manna are there.

Why do you want health? Jesus is your doctor  
With every breath when you are sick.

I am content with this anxiety. When I am at ease,  
Every buffoon finds space to get in my heart.

How could the house of heart be tight?  
Every night that heart-catching Beloved  
Is there alone.

When my heart is tight,  
Nobody is able to fit there but Him.  
The tightness of my heart  
Is a relief from struggles for me.

The teeth of the enemy is set on edge by  
Sour things;  
For that reason, sour-face is salvation for us.

Be silent. The face of the sea is also sour,  
But it has mines of pearls and coral.



## 28.

### *Verse 325*

That hodja is very attentive,  
But he is a troublemaker,  
And he weighs himself too much.

I made the mistake of looking at his smile,  
But become confident  
When I saw him in silence.

But put your mind in your head.  
There is water under the straw.  
There is a rough sea under the straw.

Wherever you go, mind is the key.  
But what can you do here?  
Mind becomes the lock.

He looks at your face and smiles.  
Don't make a mistake.  
This is just a cover for his face.

Anyone who has fallen in his hand  
Yells and screams like a harp.

Even souls keep turning around him  
Like honey bees  
Because he is the real honey.

He is such a lion  
That sorrow runs from His majesty  
And hides itself like a blind rat  
In the hole of the grave.

While Shems of Tebriz is the cash of today,  
Why does the world listen to the talk of yesterday?



## 29.

### *Verse 334*

It is for the naive to waste time here.  
Where do I come from?  
I should find the way to go there.

To stay away from the beloved for even a breath  
Is a forbidden deed in the sect of the lover.

If there is a real person in the village,  
A sign is enough for him.<sup>14</sup>

How could the sparrow be safe  
While the phoenix's feet  
Are caught in this amazing trap?

O vagabond heart, don't come here.  
Stay there. There is a nice stage there.

Choose that appetizer that will add soul to your soul.  
Ask for that wine that is in its prime.

Beyond this,  
There are all kinds of shapes, figures and colors.  
Beside this, all is struggle and worry about reputation.

Be silent. Sit down because you are drunk.  
Besides, you are at the edge of the roof.





## 30.

### *Verse 342*

I don't eat from a boiled sheep's head; it is heavy.  
I also don't eat trotter;<sup>15</sup> it is nothing but bone.

I don't eat roasted meat;  
It is not good for your health.  
I eat divine radiance. That is the food for the soul.

I don't want to be a head. Heads wear kulah.<sup>16</sup>  
I don't want gold, because they want it back.

I don't want a donkey  
Because donkeys need grass and straw.  
I eat partridge, because it is the prey of sultans.

I don't fly high. I am not a stork.  
I don't bite anyone. I am not a dog.

I don't limp. I am not lame.  
I am in love with a beauty  
As beautiful as the moon.

I don't act sour. I am not vinegar.  
I don't have moisture. I am not the side of spring.

I cannot act unruly. I am not rebellious.  
I am contented, because I am Mecca.

You pawned my turban.  
In return, you didn't even give me a jar of boiled wine.

Be fair. You are like a bandit;  
If you come to us we are full of joy.

You are the village head, the village bully.  
Give me the wine you were talking about.

If you don't give it to me, expel me.  
You go out and return to the place  
Between your wife's inner thighs.

I eat love. It is well digested, gives pleasure  
To the mouth. It is the joy of soul.

I eat a little bit of bread soaked in gravy,  
A little trotter, but trotter harmed me.

From now on, we won't have anything  
To do with trotter, nor with the person  
Who is fond of the meal and the table.



# 31.

## Verse 357

One who corrects our business with his favor,  
Wherever there is a cheerful place,  
That is our place.

When there is a wine glass and union,  
There is no worry and trouble for the lover.

Every wind which starts a new tune  
Waits for our signal.

Every drop of water becomes a doorkeeper.  
There is a peerless, unseen beauty behind the door.

Every drunk nightingale at the top of one sapling  
Adds soul to soul, like wine.

Don't talk too much. It is time for a meal.  
The hunger of the crowd has grown six times more.



## 32.

### *Verse 363*

I am not saying twisted words. My mouth  
Is telling secrets to your soul's ear.

Lip has been silent because of your greeting,  
But His word is the same coming from your mouth.

Body is separated from You,  
But soul has been holding Your skirt tightly.

In appearance, He threw you like an arrow,  
But His soul is pulling you to himself like a bow.

He kept telling your soul's ear  
All the things that He has hidden from you.

You are not present at this moment,  
But heart grabs your belt and pulls you to His side.

In fact, He made you very close to Himself inside,  
But in appearance, He keeps trying you.

Be silent. Since He gave you this sorrow;  
That is the best proof  
That He is pulling you to Himself.



# 33.

## Verse 371

Someone asked, "What is your way?  
I said, "This road to the abandonment  
Of desire and wishes."

O one who is in love with the sultan,  
Make sure your road is to look  
For the consent of that great one.

If you want the Beloved's wish and desire,  
Don't ask for your own wish and desire.

The Beloved's love is the suffering  
Of the soul, because this love  
Is the worshipping place for great ones.

His love is not less than the summit  
Of the tallest mountain.  
That summit is enough for us.

There is a friend of love  
In the cave of that mountain.<sup>17</sup>  
He controls the soul with his beauty.

Everything that gives you joy and pleasure  
Is good. I don't determine  
Which joys and pleasures they are.

Be silent. Follow the master of love.  
He is Iman<sup>18</sup> for you in two worlds.



## 34.

### *Verse 379*

Heart came last night and said to soul's ear,  
"O beauty, the one whose name I could not repeat!"

O one who tears apart someone,  
Who talks openly and burns to ashes  
The one who talks secretly!

O one who tells of the trace  
Of the one whose dust of his trace doesn't appear,  
What kind of excuse can my soul bring?"

The only ones who know  
What is going on secretly in the rose garden  
Are the singing nightingale and the rose,

Not the person who listens to the sounds  
Of the nightingale and makes songs out of them.

Those bow-like eyebrows have taught  
The arrows of the gaze how to hunt.

Earth has spoken hundreds of different languages  
To answer the questions of the sky.

*Page 7 of original Diva, Volume II.*

O one who falls in love with the sky,  
Be a friend to the one who talks about a ladder.

Everybody mentions the house,  
But where is the trace of the charmer  
Who lives in the house?

The one who sits in the shade  
Talks about the one who casts the shade,  
But where is the gleam of the sun?

In spite of all this, a few words from that tongue  
Make the ear and mind drunk.

Tongue found a couple of interruptions,  
Stayed there, and left the mind.

Yet, the soul of the lover became ashamed  
Of that interruption  
And left the store and bazaar.

Love said in my ear, "It is enough."  
I will be silent because that's what he said.





## 35.

*Verse 393<sup>19</sup>*

**M**y soul is in the air of the Beloved.  
He keeps flying when he sees turning glasses.

His hands touch the wine.  
It is such a wine  
That even the sun is illuminated by its light.

When soul drinks that wine, it becomes light.  
It rises up and keeps flying.

When the moon appears  
And soul merges with the moon,  
The sun disappears with shame.

When soul meets and is rejuvenated,  
It doesn't care about or look at anyone.



# 36.

## Verse 398

I would mention your sweet words,  
Indulge in the stories  
Of the source of life's fountain.

Put your cheek to my cheek so I can tell you  
Why the sultan has checkmated you.

He burned your harvest,  
But gave you alms from His own harvest.

In order to prevent you from talking nonsense,  
He makes your cress field entirely green.

Be happy like Abraham in the fire of love  
So He will save you.

Your mind has seen hundreds of Kadir's nights,<sup>20</sup>  
Hundreds of bairams.  
Your berat<sup>21</sup> is given with love.

I pledge your pleasant image.  
I don't take an oath for your essence.

When souls are submerged in your attributes,  
How can they reach your essence?

In order to purify you from your sins,  
He made you flow like a river,  
Made you prostrate.

In order to pull you to the land of absence,  
He gave you trouble from every direction in this world.

You keep telling yourself to be silent,  
But you haven't been. Even love  
Is laughing at you for dragging your feet.



# 37.

## Verse 409

I am such a lover that I gave up the road  
And everything that exists in the road,  
Because the companion of the lover  
Is that exalted one person  
Who has no beginning of the beginning.

The one whose friend is soul's God  
Is not afraid of the separation of soul.

He is on a journey but, like the moon,  
He settles down at a beautiful, bright face.

The one who is lighter than the wind  
Doesn't wait for wind.

Love and the lover are all one.  
Don't even think *two*.

When the lover and love are merged,  
He gives a blessing to himself.  
At the same time he, himself, is the blessing.

When he asks for this kind of order,  
He turns into leather in front of Suheyl.<sup>22</sup>

If he goes to the sea with that desire,  
Even though he is an orphan,  
He turns into a pearl.

O one who has seen the kindness  
And favor of Shems of Tebriz,  
Don't call Hatem<sup>23</sup> the most generous.



## 38.

### *Verse 418*

While the nightingales are singing,  
The rest of the birds keep silent.

Furthermore, they don't have a harvest.  
Haven't they eaten grain  
From the harvest of absence?

Those sultans are ring stones.  
But we are also in the circle of the ring.

If they don't want to hear my noise,  
Why did they create me?

That sultan desires sweet as well as sour;  
That's why they put two kettles on the fire.

Sour is also necessary in the kitchen  
Because half-drunks are fond of that.

Every state of us is a nutrient for a group.  
Even the ones in absence grow with those foods.

Birds of heart are from heaven.  
For only a few days  
Their feet are tied here on earth.

They are the stars of faith.  
That's why they are not tied, even to the sky.

The reason for their being on earth  
Is to appreciate God's union  
And suffer through separation from God.

Even if they cast parts in earth,  
They don't leave them there.  
They gather them.

Shems of Tebriz used to say very little.  
All sultans are patient and confident.



# 39.

## *Verse 430*

Cupbearer, serve more  
Of that newly purchased wine.  
Friends just came.

The number of guests has increased.  
Give more wine from the jar  
That we attained and tasted.

Give that wine whose smell  
Caused Abdal<sup>24</sup> to become hidden  
And apparent among the people.

O beautiful cupbearer, thank God  
That they saw your beautiful face.

O fire which burns the lover's belongings,  
Lovers have brought their belongings with your love.

O one who dropped the curtain  
And went behind it! The lover  
Has torn the curtain with your love.

O love, everybody is cheerful because of you.  
Lovers were born from your light.

You are a sultan  
And all lovers have your colors.  
They are all from the sultan's descendants.



Everyone who has head and eyes  
Has seen you, has put his head to the ground.

You are the sun. Particles are from you.  
They give this light back to the other light.

When you help, all the Zal's  
Become Rustem in the war.

But, if help doesn't come from you,  
It doesn't matter if they are Hamza<sup>25</sup> or Rustem.  
Altogether, they are the wind.

O heart, jump. The moon-faced ones  
Open the curtain of absence  
And show their faces.

They are all drunk. No one knows the road  
To his house because they are drunk, although  
Not on the wine which has set and spoiled.

As long as love lives, they also live.  
As long as remembrance exists,  
They will be remembered.



# 40.

## Verse 445

We became drunk. Heart separated from us,  
But I don't know where he ran to.

When my heart saw reason,  
It broke its bonds and started to run away.

He wouldn't go just anywhere.  
Maybe he went to the privacy of God.

Don't look for him at home.  
He is a bird of sky. He flew.

He is the white falcon of the sultan.  
He has flown toward the sultan.



# 41.

## Verse 450

Don't talk about justice,  
Punishment of the soul  
That was born from the glory of Mohammed.

Fish don't try to learn to swim.  
The cypress doesn't look for freedom.

The thorn that has been grown in the garden of joy  
Sees the rose garden full of joy.

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The canopy of joy, the arch of pleasure  
Is apart from fire, earth, water and wind.

These four simple elements which resemble a cross  
May be removed from the heart  
Of the brave ones who search for unity.

There is a bright sky on that side. There is a sultan  
Who has set an ambush, is watching there.<sup>26</sup>

His casual looks give two eyes to people.  
He has divine sight, divine wisdom.  
He is the Pir<sup>27</sup> Master.

If you looked at this world of mud  
With the eye of soul,

You would see that every corner  
Is filled with light like the night of creation,  
But nobody is able to see that.

There are thousands of suns in each cloud.  
Every ruin is turned into heaven.

You will put your throne  
At the house of the attained ones,  
Raise your tent over the poles.

You will get the smell from Shems of Tebriz,  
To whom even the angels submit and yield.



## 42.

### *Verse 462*

Night has gone. O friends, where are you?  
When night has passed, come over.

Come and drink wine from ruby lips,  
Eat sugar from smiles.

When morning comes,  
Show the effects of that wine to sober ones.

Since they blew on your bosom,  
If you deliver,  
You may as well deliver Jesus.

Rise like the full moon,  
Without eight heavens and seven hells.

If you still have a thought even as small as a hair  
About seven and eight,  
You don't deserve this private union.

Hair in the eye is not a simple matter.  
Put a salve on it immediately.

When the eye is cleansed from hair  
You become a guide to love, like the eye.

Be fair. No self is left in you  
Because you become such a Self  
With the love of the master of masters,  
Shems of Tebriz.



## 43.

### *Verse 471*

It is a shame to be wary,  
To be concerned at the place  
Where a beautiful someone like you stays.

When mercy, that has no boundary,  
Becomes exuberant,  
Fright and worry are withdrawn to a corner.

I have stolen a kiss by force.  
My friend, force is counted only three times.

Show tolerance to the third one today.  
One kiss will be counted as a thousand today.

I am water. You are the riverbed.  
Water naturally kisses the riverbed.

When water kisses the riverbed,  
Flowers blossom and grass grows.

What will the meadow be missing  
If confused man's eye sees grass as thorns?

Why is Moses afraid of the staff?  
Because the staff became a snake  
Only in front of the pharaoh.

The Nile became blood for the one who followed  
The pharaoh, but sweet water for the believer.

Abraham never was afraid of fire,  
Yet Nimrod was burned in it.

Jacob didn't turn away from Joseph,  
Even though that closeness  
Bothered the other son.

That wind raises dust in barren lands,  
But it is spring for gardens and meadows.

That breeze brings leaves out of branches.  
Later, flowers come on top of the leaves.

O love, when Ahmed<sup>28</sup> is with you, isn't it a shame  
That you hang around with Abu cehil?<sup>29</sup>

If you won this, take it.  
If you lost that, too bad.  
The world's affair is real gambling.

The one who tries to run away from his fate  
Will run, but at the end, will fall in desperation.

Come back to your senses. Don't set a trap  
For the rabbit so the lion will become prey for you.

O heart, don't talk much about Love's ambergris;  
One who is friend to you is able to get its smell.





## 44.

*Verse 489<sup>30</sup>*

That beautiful-faced Joseph has come.  
That present-time Jesus has come.

A hundred thousand helps come like a flag,  
Suddenly, with the parade of spring.

O one whose work is to enliven the dead,  
Get up; the time has come to start work.

That lion-hunter lion has come  
Like a drunk to the garden, the meadow.

Yesterday, the day before yesterday,  
They were all gone. Look now. Today,  
That beauty of mine has come to us  
Like cash money.

Today, this town has become paradise.  
"The sultan has come," it is saying.

Beat the drum. Today is bairam.  
Enjoy, sing and dance. The Beloved has come.

A Moon appeared from the land of absence,  
Such a moon that this moon  
Became dust right on its surface.

The beauty of the beautiful one  
Who gives constancy to soul  
Made the whole world unstable.

All come to your senses. Open love's hand.  
Presents are scattered from the ninth-level heaven.

O bizarre bird whose wings were cut,  
Instead of two wings, four wings have come.

O heart that is full of anxiety, relax.  
That lost friend has come to your arms.

O feet, come, enter the dance, tap on the floor.  
That famous wine has come.

Don't talk about the old one. He is rejuvenated.  
Don't talk about last year. Last year has arrived.

You said, "What excuse shall I bring to the sultan?"  
In fact, the sultan has come with an excuse.

"How can I be saved from his hands?  
Where shall I go?" you said.  
His hands keep helping.

You saw fire and came like light.  
You saw blood and came like wine.

Be silent. Don't count his favors.  
He is a favor that cannot be counted.



# 45.

## *Verse 507*

The heart that hasn't taken a silver body  
Resembles a man without a head.

The person who is separated from love's trap  
Is like a bird without wings.

How does the one who doesn't know  
Where the news comes from  
Know about the world?

The one who doesn't have a shield of love  
Will surely be sacrificed to the eye's arrow.

The one who doesn't have a heart for the journey  
Wouldn't know about the value of liver.

A pearl is dropped on the road;  
The only one who will benefit from that  
Is the one who takes the journey.

The one who doesn't turn around that pearl  
Will have neither pearl nor bead.  
He will not even have strength or power.

Put your mind in your head.  
Go to sleep. Dawn has come,  
Though our evening never ends in dawn.



## 46.

### *Verse 515<sup>31</sup>*

One who is the essence of every wish,  
You came late.  
Don't leave early.

O one who burns heart, who hurts our nose  
With the fire of the intention of departure,

Every piece of aloe wood burns in fire.  
Yet, to be thrown in your fire  
Is like a wedding bairam for aloe wood.

Your hope says in every breath,  
"With my favor I will hold your hand  
In the near future."

But don't say,  
"What will happen, will happen,  
No use to work and struggle."

*Page 9 of original Divan, Volume II.*

I am not tied to woof , like warp.  
Don't deprive me of my power and strength.

If I want, I will cut you down.  
If I want, I will make you grow.

Close your mouth. Don't talk.  
Prostrate in front of the Beloved.  
He is the One to be worshipped.

O One whose blessings are innumerable,  
O One whose work on His way can't be refused,

You did favors for us,  
Called us to worship for You.

The One who came from His great temple  
Gave the news of his union.

The promise of the beloved is very sweet.  
Trying to reach the auspicious One  
Is also auspicious,

Especially such an auspicious One  
That would snatch hundreds of hearts  
With every moment.



## 47.

### *Verse 528*

**R**ain the pearls of devotion.  
Scratch the heads of lovers now.

We became earth for you. Don't sow  
The seeds of reproach and cruelty now.

Don't deem proper  
This torture to the oppressed  
On the road of separation.

O ones who belong to Venus,  
Keep playing melodies from high and low tunes  
At the roof of that door.

Keep playing so you will be wounded  
By the sorrow of separation like me.  
Your heart has already been wounded.

Nobody is deprived of that door.  
Otherwise, you wouldn't count me as a man.

This is such a sorrow  
That even a mountain  
Becomes dust with that sorrow.  
What can you say to pieces of particles?

O lion hunters, while hunting lions  
You have become prey to that gazelle now.

Because of that lion hunter's narcissus eyes,  
You became drunk  
Without drinking the wine of union.

You fell in love with such a love,  
Because of that rose-cheeked charmer,  
That your face turned a saffron color.

There are troubles that go with that treasure.  
For that, be patient.  
Be persistent and loyal.

If you know your way, walk bravely  
In the way of love. Be a man.

Since the lover has hundreds of lives,  
Give one of them  
Without fear and hesitation.

Soul doesn't become lost.  
Don't be afraid. You are after the soul  
Who has been attained.

O one who teaches deceit in love,  
You are pledged to hundreds of gambles.

Love permits the fraud.  
You are pledged to hundred of gambles.

You have the right to become a thorn  
To all rose faces  
With that tall cypress' love.

You also have the right to appear  
As a snake to the pharaoh of Self  
With the love of Moses.

Make soul like a shield for His troubles  
Because you are Zulfekaar<sup>32</sup>  
In the hand of love.

You are like Kafdag in endurance.  
You are quiet and good-tempered  
Like a mountain.

If that secret sea appears,  
You become restless like a wave.

You resemble spring's cloud  
For the time of scattering pearls.

Even if you become a martyr,  
You will become one by the sultan's arrow.  
Even if you become dust,  
You will rise in front of the moon.

Your persistence is like the cypress.  
You are new and fresh;  
You have fruit like the big branches.

You are an apple in His tree.  
You are stoned like an apple, like a tree.

Even if a stone-hearted one throws stones,  
You are a friend of the cave  
With the One in your essence.



You are like curtains at the side,  
But running after Him like a skirt.

You are on the journey  
With your moon-face turning constantly  
Like the sky.

You are love. At the same time,  
Love is you. Your halter is the same  
As the camel of love.

If the self is a thief, breaks  
The wall or roof, it doesn't matter.  
You are in that safe, strong fort.

If you are lucky, drink the wine  
From love's hand. Eat the meze<sup>33</sup>  
From love's hand.

As you see, He is weaving and sewing You.  
Why do you keep seeing images?

Since He already makes you old,  
Why are you after the fight  
Of force or free selection?

If you are a lover, if you have  
The eye of admonition,  
Accept one command, one force.

You follow me in talk or in silence.  
But I would rather keep silent.



## 48.

### *Verse 563*

Without your favor heart is lifeless.  
Soul doesn't care for the world  
Without you.

Reason has a big house, a big mansion,  
But without your table,  
It has no water and no bread.

The sun has seen the soul of your quarter.  
Now it doesn't care for the sky.

Since the pomegranate's flower  
Saw the rose garden of soul,  
It forgot the garden and meadow.

What would be the harm  
If the poor benefited and profited  
From Your grace?

Without Your moon face,  
Night is a poorly-dressed, dark-haired cloth.  
It doesn't own the moon or a kingdom.  
All it has is a dark, black dress.

The night has thousands of stars,  
But without the moon,  
It has neither light  
Nor a place to put the light.

Soul has no ear without Your words.  
Without Your words,  
Soul has no tongue.

That bizarre soul cries, keeps begging.  
Nobody interprets that,

But his pale face and tears  
Are the evidence of his secret suffering.

After those two, the third witness  
Is his cold deep sighs; This *Ah*  
Is cold, but it has no eyes.

The essence of this cold sigh  
Is heart's love. That base, that essence  
Has no cold winter.

Your spring enlivens him,  
Makes Him agile like the heart. Even if  
A hundred thousand mountains of sorrow come,  
He doesn't mind.  
He puts them on his shoulder. <sup>34</sup>

That young, fresh love  
Which resembles your spring,  
In fact, rejuvenates the old ones.

How long will he be talking  
About his signs and traces?  
Be silent. In fact, He is the One  
Who originates signs and traces,  
But his sign and trace never appears.

You are also like Shems of Tebriz  
Who has no boundary.  
Give up sign and trace.



## 49.

### *Verse 579*

**T**he one who has color from you in his mouth,  
Has a shortage of sustenance.  
Be fair. Is this possible?

The one who attempts to fight with you  
Fights with his dear life.

The fish that finds the water of life  
Doesn't waste time on the land.

If the Kaiser of Rum is not reflected  
In the mirror, you can be sure  
That the mirror is rusty.

If you see a pig in your heart  
That resembles Jerusalem,  
You can be sure that Jerusalem  
Has been conquered by the Franks.<sup>35</sup>

A sweet-talking beauty  
Is holding us in his arms, like a harp.

This harp gives beautiful melodies  
Because of his strokes.

The particle that dances with us  
Doesn't care to look east of the sky.

I swear by your soul that the soul  
Which limps on the way  
Is afflicted with lameness.

Because this sea is full of favors,  
It is impossible for crocodiles  
To exist there.

The soul that becomes disobedient  
Like a tiger to such a lion  
Has the disposition of a dog.

While there is such a garnet,  
If soul involves stone and brick,  
It must be hard and useless.

Be silent. Don't look for the place  
Of the word, because this place  
Puts you to sleep like opium.



## 50.

### *Verse 592*

The first look was casual, but even so,  
It still wanted to obtain the source of beauty,  
Reach the essence.

If love is a sin and disbelief,  
Doesn't that come from that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

We become colorless because of your color.  
For that reason, we stay away from reason.

Rum chooses either a color or black;  
Aren't they choosing from that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

He walks toward the sultan's tent;  
He also has an army from the brilliance of His east.

It doesn't matter if he missed the main street.  
In the end, doesn't his road go to that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

To fly like the moon, to run face and head down  
Without wings like a shadow,

To bend down with the wind like a cypress,  
Aren't they all from that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

His beautiful moon face which caresses Jupiter  
Gives life to Azer's<sup>36</sup> idol.

Because of that *it*, the Samaritan made a mistake.  
Whatever it is, isn't that from the fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

O my soul, if eighteen thousand worlds  
Have been filled wit my gossip, O my soul,

Either I become possible or impossible. O my soul,  
Isn't the end of this from that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

Even if we become slim like the moon,  
Still we are cheerful,  
Because we are behind that sun of justice.

Even if we have an eclipse like the moon,  
Isn't that because of that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*



We quit modesty, broke the bottle of honor.  
We are drunk,  
Broke hundreds of vows of repentance,  
Gave up hundreds of oaths,

Cut our hands instead of the tangerine.  
We did it all.  
Isn't that because of that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

If an indiscreet one talked about that purple glass  
And the source of the water of immortality

And tried to show a trace of them,  
Isn't that from that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

If we talk about the season  
Beyond these four seasons,  
If we talk about the essence of the essence  
Of that spring before springtime,

If we indulge in words about His union,  
Isn't that because of that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

Be silent. It is impossible to talk  
About the things to be talked about.  
It is necessary to tell the secrets through the soul.

If this heart became drunk  
And talked about His track,  
Isn't it because of that fairy after all?



# 51.

## *Verse 614*

The one who is not afraid  
For his life isn't afraid  
Of killing good or bad people.

The one who sees the beauty of Joseph  
Is not afraid of the envious  
And also not afraid of envy.

The one who is caught in the air  
Of the sultan is not afraid  
Of an army of soldiers.

Even an animal is not shy  
Because of a kick,  
Nor does it lash out  
For the pleasure of a friendly chat.

One who feels eternal happiness  
Is not afraid of immortality.

It is necessary to have a heart  
Like Uhud's mountain  
That is not afraid of anyone but God.

The bird that has escaped  
From body's trap is not afraid  
No matter where he flies.

Wherever he arrives, he is a treasure;  
A martyr of the only God  
Is not afraid of the grave.

The one whose essence is water  
Is not afraid of water  
Even if he is forcefully submerged.

The body kneaded by the soil of paradise  
Is not scared  
While flying over hell.

The one who is helped inside  
Is not afraid of this helpless universe.

If the ignorant is unafraid of reason  
It is not from his bravery;  
It is from his stupidity.

The one who pulls himself  
From You and Your love without fear  
Has no brain.

The one who tears the curtain  
Of *myself-yourself* without fear  
Tears his own curtain.

The fool who hurts the heart of sultans  
Without fear is a cursed one.

Since he doesn't have the antidote,  
Why does he taste the world's poison  
Without fear?

How could he dare look at a beauty  
In the temple of those  
Who see and watch?

Be careful. Make your head like feet  
And walk on such a road.  
Isn't your heart afraid  
Of His observation there?

Money changers are on watch,  
But the thief steals, unafraid.

All the wolves are shepherds there.  
No one is afraid of even hundreds of people.

There, there is no me, you or he  
Who borrows from himself and is not afraid.

Your heart is never afraid of you,  
Is not afraid of your loose talk.

The rose garden is not afraid of spring,  
Of meadow, iris or the tall cypress.

Heart has opened and grown,  
Seen its own face.  
From now on it is not afraid to be accepted  
Nor scared of being denied.

This sea keeps giving pearls  
Until the last day of judgement,  
Still has more. Be silent.



## 52.

### *Verse 639*

How helpless is the one  
Who has no money and no shield  
From the gold mine!

How helpless is this heart without You.  
It is like a parrot without sugar.

He has power, has thousands of kingdoms,  
But there is something else.  
Alas, he doesn't have that.

His hand that offers glasses says  
That what he doesn't have,  
We will give him.

If that tree doesn't have water,  
We will pour the fountain of life.

For the ones who have no leaf, no branch,  
We will give so many leaves  
That they cannot find the green branches.

To the one who is not aware of us,  
To the ones who say,  
"No one hears our praying,"

We will give eyes to the ones  
Who don't look at us. In fact,  
The time is coming close.

Be silent. Nothing but God's hand  
Can unravel the forms of soul.



How helpless is the one  
 Who doesn't have wine.  
 He keeps squeezing unripe grapes.

How helpless is that barren land  
 Where the rain of favor and kindness  
 Never touch.

This time my heart is drunk in the morning  
 And pays its debt from the evening.

I told the one who was asleep  
 At the time of drinking morning wine,  
 "Wake up. Raise your head. I'll pay for the drinks."

*Page 11 of original Divan, Volume II.*

Shame has left me this day  
 When He would put henna in the palm<sup>37</sup>  
 Of this drunk.

There is a cupbearer today.  
 He has grabbed my ear.  
 He doesn't let me be free  
 For even one moment.

His staff-like glass has become a dragon  
 And keeps attacking the gypsy mind.



Be silent. Watch, the jar of drunks  
Keep asking for wine like the glass  
Whose value is so great.



# 54.

## Verse 656

Soul has returned from a long journey,  
Has reached the ground  
In front of the door again.

The one who is gold  
In the world of existence  
Came out from the treasure of absence  
In order to be cut in front of golden scissors.

Without your love, the door of heaven  
Become so great  
That the One who ascended to the sky  
Couldn't pass through the doors of the sky.

The ones who haven't been rebellious  
Towards You understood their position  
And realized how worthless they were.

Soul went to do something without You  
And became so frustrated  
That he was unable to do anything.

He understood truly during his journey  
That everything is temporary without You.

Today, he came to You  
With the the road's dust  
And kept begging You to be merciful.

Pull your head out of the window  
So he can see  
The Beauty of Taraz<sup>38</sup> coming.

Pull your head out of the window  
So that lovers will yell,  
"Kible for every Mamaz has come."

My soul which resembles a falcon  
Flew out of Your temple, but when  
He heard the sound of Your drum,  
He returned to the temple.

O ones who are tied with strings,  
You are free now.  
The order for freedom has come  
With his beautiful writing.

There was no sound, no breath  
On that joy's harp. Start dancing.  
It is playing again.

You are freed from the chain of begging  
Because He, the one who  
Ties thousands of coy ones, has come.

Try to leave this body's donkey  
Because the one who rides Burak<sup>39</sup> has come.

The light of God's Shems of Tebriz' face  
Covers the earth.  
Secrets are spread today.



# 55.

*Verse 671<sup>40</sup>*

The first look was casual, but even so,  
Wanted to obtain the source of Beauty,  
To reach the essence.

If love is a sin and disbelief,  
Doesn't that come from that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

That purple wine glass,  
That water of immortality,

That eye of eternity, aren't they all  
From that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

There are unions of happy souls  
Because of that scattered hair  
That is divided in half.

And their gathering at the assembly  
Of that great sultan, aren't they all  
Because of that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

We became colorless because of  
Your color. We stayed away from earth  
For a thousand miles.

At that moment our souls became bewildered.  
But, isn't that from that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

An army has gathered in the shade  
Of the sultan's tent.

My soul started to journey. Isn't that  
Because of that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

To bend with sorrow like a new moon,  
To run with face and head like a shadow,

To hear a voice from the land of heart,  
Isn't that because of that fairy?

\*\*\*\*\*

That moon which burns Jupiter,  
The beauty who breaks the idols of Azer!

What happens if heart chooses  
To become a heretic? Isn't that  
Because of that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

If eighteen thousand universes  
Are filled with my gossip, O my soul,

Doesn't that light which illuminates  
Those universes come from His face,  
O my soul? Isn't that all  
From that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

If we give the toll of love's road,  
If we rejoice from that moon and sun,

If we open new eyes to him,  
Isn't that from that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

We are freed from our shame.  
We drank the wine that came  
From His smell and became drunk.

We broke glasses and glasses.  
Aren't they all from that fairy after all?

\*\*\*\*\*

The garden that has taken  
A lifetime to reach  
Is nicer than spring  
And the four seasons of earth.

The essence of the essence of that garden  
Is Shems of Tebriz. Isn't that  
Because of that fairy after all?



# 56.

## Verse 693

That flame of divine light is walking,  
Swaying from side to side. That Beauty  
Who become a challeng even to houris,  
Is walking, swaying from side to side.

Night has put on white adorned dresses  
Because that moon is walking,  
Swaying from the distance.

Good news to the drunks from last night.  
The cupbearer woke up for Sahur<sup>1</sup>  
Walking, swaying.

We keep burning the soul like aloe wood,  
Because that crystal mine is walking,  
Swaying from side to side.

Watch this instigator  
Who is walking with such exaltation,  
Swaying from side to side.

That beauty who is the enemy of love's patience  
Shed the blood of the patient  
And plunged into that blood,  
Walking and swaying from side to side.

My life is sacrificed to that Solomon.  
He is walking, swaying toward the ant.



Don't look at anything  
But the lover's faces,  
Because that jealous sultan  
Is walking and swaying side to side.

He is walking in Shems of Tebriz' body  
Like the trumpet on judgment day,  
Walking, swaying side to side.



# 57.

## *Verse 702*

Where are you, O one who drank  
The morning wine? Night is passing.  
Don't do that to me.

Raise your head from the soul  
Of morning wine like the shining sun.

O ones who count the evenings,  
If it must be necessary to count,  
You might as well count his hairs  
Which resemble the night.

If you become prey to the lion,  
Show me the wound in your hand.

O ones who are tired and bored,  
Who fall asleep, leave this privacy to us.

Since you are waiting for that  
Peerless beauty,  
That peerless beauty is coming here tonight.

The reason for that is that  
Shems of Tebriz knows  
That you are waiting for him.



# 58.

## *Verse 709*

Today, our peerless beauty didn't  
Come. Our beloved, our charmer  
Didn't come.

The rose that stands in the middle  
Of our soul's garden  
Didn't come to our arms tonight.

We should go toward the valley like a gazelle,  
Because that musk of Tatar's land  
Didn't come.

O spark of musician, sing that song,  
"The beauty who enlightens our work  
Did not come."

Don't stop playing the ney and tambourine;  
Our peace and constancy  
Did not come.

That cupbearer of soul didn't appear.  
The remedy of our drunkenness  
Didn't come.

O Shems of Tebriz, you tell it.  
How come our season of spring  
Hasn't come?



## 59.

### *Verse 716*

What happened to the world last  
Night because of our beauty?  
What shape did the sky turn into  
Because of my moon?

How was heart playing against his face?  
What has happened to soul  
With the fire of love?

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When eye became drunk from his looks,  
What shape did mouth turn into  
From his sweet lips?

What has been hunted  
By his arrow-like eyelashes?  
What are those bow-like eyebrows doing?

At best, he was giving color to the tulip.  
Otherwise, what business did he have  
In the rose garden?

What did the rose say to greenery  
At that moment? Into what shape  
Did the juda tree turn because of the narcissus?

For what other reason was he  
Gallop<sup>ing</sup> in the sky  
Other than to give it light?

Without his endless, limitless favor,  
How could the moon stand there?

Once He looked through the land  
Of absence, O my God, what shape  
Did the world of existence become?

When He opened His traceless,  
Shapeless curtain, what happened  
To this world of trace and shape?

Night has passed and is gone.  
A day has appeared without night.  
What happened to this doorkeeper-like reason?

Because of Shems of Tebriz' occult gayb<sup>42</sup> eye,  
What shape does this eye,  
Which knows the unknown gayb, become?



# 60.

## *Verse 728*

**W**hat does that beautiful-faced  
Merchant have? What is the  
Worth of his goods in our market?

He sells charms, doesn't pay attention.  
Ask for his goods.  
Let's see what he has.

Take his cash. Find out  
How much he has  
And how much is left for the robber.

What does he have of cleanliness and sweetness?  
Find out if you don't have a scale to measure it.

Hold him with conversation  
And find out how much  
Of the wine of immortality he has.  
Try to get a smell.

How lucky is the person  
Who constantly searches his soul  
To find out what he has,  
To earn God's blessing.

What does he have in common  
With the one who attained?  
What does He have in common  
With the Prophet's taste?  
He keeps searching for that all of the time.

I said to a Kalender,<sup>43</sup> "Look and see:  
This sky is folded down. What's wrong?"

He answered, "We don't care what  
The sky has, what has happened to it."

I am drunk, quite drunk. May God help.  
What help does God have?

Because of the blessings of Shems of Tebriz  
There is a different thing in every heart.



# 61.

## *Verse 739*

**C**upbearer, get up.  
That moon-faced one has come. Run,  
Because He has come surprisingly.

Ride your horse like a Turk.  
Time is short. Don't rest.  
That Hitay Turk has entered the tent.

I wouldn't even surmise that happiness;  
Look at this glory  
That has come suddenly and unexpectedly.

When the wine glass roared with laughter,  
The lover was filled with blood  
Like a glass.

Whoever has a chance to meet  
A moon like you, if he is not  
In a hurry, he must be stupid.

A straw that runs away from love's harvest  
Ends up in the straw barn.

Time has passed. Glory to the one  
Who runs away from himself  
And arrives at the threshold.



The one who has escaped from separation  
And entered the right road at Tebriz  
Shall have joy and happy pleasures.



## 62.

### *Verse 747*

Who could tell secrets to a beloved like you  
Or tell his story from the beginning?

Smart ones would tell you very briefly,  
But the lover  
Would keep talking and talking.

He would prostrate with Your love,  
Pray with Your name in namaz.

You callously say about the words  
Of my heart's pleading,  
"All of these are lies."

I resemble Eyaz. You are like Mahmud.<sup>44</sup>  
Listen to what Eyaz<sup>45</sup> is saying.

Somebody mentioned something  
About me to you. Apparently you said,  
"He always talks of frivolous things."

You hear my words of gold,  
Then you say,  
"He talks like scissors."



# 63.

## *Verse 754*

We don't have any load in this caravan.  
The ones here don't have our Beloved's fire.

There are green trees, but none of them  
Has the smell from our spring.<sup>46</sup>

Your soul resembles the rose garden,  
But your heart hasn't been  
Hurt by our thorn.

Your heart is a sea of truth,  
But it doesn't have our exaltation,  
Our washing of the shore.

The mountain has also settled down,  
But, by God, it doesn't have  
Our consistency.

The soul who has become drunk  
With all kinds of morning wine  
Doesn't have a smell of our drunkenness.

Even the player of sky, Venus,  
Doesn't have the power  
To complete our work.

Ask of us God's lion. Not every  
Lion can stay in our desert.

Don't show Shems of Tebriz' money  
To others who are not of our rank.



## 64.

### *Verse 763*

**Y**ou shouldn't do that to the one  
Who wants to become your slave.

O beloved whose face is beautiful,  
Whose character is charming,  
Heavens would never give birth  
To a pearl like you.

Since your face, your temper are beautiful,  
The secret in your heart also should be beautiful.

When man dies, there is no tomorrow for him.  
In a situation like that,  
Why does he do cruelties today?

Why does he do things to others  
That he doesn't want done to himself?

Don't crush anybody with anger,  
So that God's anger won't crush you either.

Don't try to shed peoples blood,  
So that same thing won't happen to you.

If apprehension doesn't come to your heart,  
Fate will turn that event away from you.

O one who said, "I am dead."  
What kind of death is it  
That satan is possessing you?



# 65.

## Verse 772

When will this cage change  
Into a garden and meadow?  
When will it become the way I expect?

When will this deadly poison turn into honey,  
This terrible thorn to jasmine?

When will that half moon  
Be borne in my arms? When will the envious  
Be tried by grief and sorrow?

When will Egypt's Joseph invite us  
By saying, "Come on in."  
When will Jacob have a shirt?

When will the sun cast a shadow for us?  
When will this basin  
Become a house for that candle?

When will joy's harp be tuned  
In a new way? When will this ear  
Hear the sound of *ten-ten*?

When do we thresh grain in the moon's harvest?  
When will we walk around Yemen  
Like the brilliance of Suheyl.<sup>47</sup>

When will love's wine ferment  
In the jars? When will the rebab<sup>48</sup>  
Be played while we eat kebab?<sup>49</sup>

When will our desire's bird-of-luck  
Come from Kafdag  
And be prey to Shibli and Abu-l Hasan?<sup>50</sup>

When every particle returns to the sun,  
Every drop will become  
The garden of Eden for generosity.

Every lamb will drink milk from the lion.  
Every elephant will become  
A captive of the rhinoceros.

Every corner of our town  
Will turn into the land of Hutten  
Because of the abundance  
Of charmers and moon-faced beauties.

Every lover who has been frustrated, his head dizzy,  
Will be able to play love games  
And reach his wishes.

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He will come back to life like a dead body.  
He will give up shroud and shirt.



When will this garrulous mind  
Become crazy and borrow reason  
From the ear that is full of melodies?

The souls and hearts of hundreds  
Of thousands of crazy and insane ones  
Will kiss the Beloved and cheer up.  
Their mouth and lips  
Will pour honey and scatter sugar.

When will the time come  
That the souls of drunks will be cupbearers  
For thousands of gatherings?

The soul that laughs in love's sleeve  
Will reach name and fame with love  
Among men and women  
And become someone of distinction.

Everyone who has fallen  
Into the well of separation  
Will find a rope and a way out.

Don't tell the rest of them. Keep them  
In your heart. It is better to say  
The words in that way.



# 66.

## *Verse 792*

☉ soul's player, since you have  
The tambourine, play that tune,  
"Beloved, come like a drunk."

That beautiful charmer showed  
His face so that even the moon  
Started to worship the idol in the sky.

Particles in the world came,  
Dancing from the land of absence to existence  
With the love of that sun.

Why have you been grieved?  
Perhaps an ogre has kept you  
From the journey  
And started fooling around with you.

Leave the ogre alone. Pick up the glass.  
Love came to your hand  
From the assembly of Elest.<sup>51</sup>

Play that tune. Jupiter came  
From the sky to this ordinary world  
To comfort the ones whose hearts  
Are broken.

Keep turning around the circle  
Of broken-hearted ones,  
Because fortune is at the level  
Of broken Hearts. So is glory.

This daily struggle,  
This drink is like Namaz;  
This turbid sorrow is like Abdest.<sup>52</sup>

Be silent. Look with silence.  
Even the nightingale  
Lowered himself by singing.



# 67.

## *Verse 801*

What is wrong with that beautiful-faced hodja?  
What pure things does he have  
On his heart's mirror?

Come to your senses. Don't get into his sack.  
First, ask what he has.

Make him talk. Find out if he has any smell  
From the wine of immortality.  
Get a smell from him.

What does he have from tulips and narcissus?  
Get into his rose garden.

He is talking  
About the works and tracks of the prophets.  
See what he has from the essence of the prophets.

He keeps reciting prayers.  
But, see if he has any cleanliness from Mustafa.

Who is he? What does he have?  
What doesn't he have?  
If you want to know this,  
Stay with him. Stay in his shadow.

Reach your own cupbearer.  
Don't even think who there is  
In this three-stringed instrument.

For good omen, don't separate yourself  
From that foundation.  
See what this foundation has, one by one.

Don't worry about what is in front of ambergris;  
Don't take this world of straw seriously.  
Don't seed the wind and harvest the storm.



# 68.

## *Verse 811*

⊙ friend, whose torments are accepted  
As loyalty, what has happened to your promise?

All mourning changes to wedding joy  
When we see your face, but if we don't see You,  
All wedding joy turns into mourning.

The palace becomes a ruin without Your good luck,  
But ruins turn into a palace with You.

When You call, existence annihilates.  
With Your separation, beings turn into nothingness.

O Charmer, who blames and kills me  
Because I am pleased and content with You!

That seed in the soul is from You.  
Because of You, his hand became generous.

Soul is excited from Your enrichment.  
Otherwise, soul is poor and destitute.

If Your generosity were not fond of giving,  
How could soul fall in love with prayer?

When the light of your cupbearer  
Is reflected on the cloud,  
The cloud becomes a water carrier.

When Your patience reflects on the mountain,  
The mountain becomes support for the earth.<sup>53</sup>

Your greatness reflected to heaven,  
And Your meaning appeared like the sky.

Earth also received news from Your beauty;  
It became the beautiful, heart-catching Joseph.

Leave the words alone.  
When you keep silent,  
Your meaning becomes organized.



# 69.

## *Verse 824*

Time's bath adds soul to soul  
Because our fairy<sup>54</sup> is there.

Fairies have seen Him and have become bewildered.  
They are talking about Him,  
Telling what He has done.

Mind is the light that shows events and experiences.  
Yet, there is no mind and no reason over there.

Reason is a mosquito in front of love's storm.  
What strength does mind have there?

The Archangel Gabriel accompanied  
The prophet Mohammed up to the Sidre<sup>55</sup>  
And stopped there.

"Beyond that," He said, "is absolute love.  
If I take one more step, I will be burned."

To extol and to reach are two opposite things.  
They disintegrated in the land  
That has no beginning and no end.

Man is the one who was extolling this.  
He was also annihilated in Union.<sup>56</sup>



Leyla became Mecnun there because craziness  
Is intensified a thousand times there.

Such an open-faced beauty appeared  
That all the skirts of beauty  
Turned into rubbish in front of him.

Joseph became Zuleyha<sup>57</sup> in the land of love.  
There is nothing more that could be done.

The one who blew the trumpet on Judgment Day  
Became lifeless.  
Everything besides soul disappeared.

All these words have plunged into the sea.  
It is time to swim now.



# 70.

## *Verse 837*

Why are you grieved and sorrowed?  
The time for travel has come.  
Rent a donkey.

Let's go, my friend.  
Let's go so you will be purified like soul.

Fly after the prey. After all,  
You are not worse than a bow and arrow.

It doesn't matter whether you are rich or poor.  
Sustenance has been hidden in the movement.  
Come on, let's go.

You take a trip to the land of absence every night,  
But when morning comes you are born again.



# 71.

## *Verse 842*

**G**et up. The cupbearer came.  
The Beauty who has been soul  
To thousands of charmers came.

Clean, pure wine came. After that,  
Walnuts came, honey and sugar came.

The soul came. That world came.  
After that, hundreds of souls and universes  
Came in different shapes.

Musk came to serve the hair  
That is on top of that beauty.

He knocked at the circle of black, musky hair  
And said, "Your slave, ambergris, came, ambergris."

How can I describe the sparks of your ruby lips?  
What can I say to those lips?  
They are better than ruby and agates.

My living has been adorned, beautified and greened  
Because of that cloud-like, hyacinth hair.

Serve me new, raw wine. Look and see.  
Another immature one came to the assembly.  
He became our guest.

Bring that red flag  
That made joyful armies victorious.

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Every difficulty and trouble  
Is facilitated by Him.

Offer wine. The beginning of words has been lost.  
Words are like a ship's anchor.



## 72.

### *Verse 853*

My day came to say, to my night,  
“May it soon be passed.”  
My soul came to visit my lips.

Sky listened to my *O God! O God!* so much  
That, in the end, sky also started saying, “O God!”

The beloved suddenly came  
With the glass full of the wine  
That is forbidden by religious sects.

I used to get drunk from the first sip every time.  
This time he offered the glass full to the rim.

Everyone was absolutely bewildered  
By his drunkenness.  
Yet, most amazing is that he became bewildered.

The sun is an ordinary star  
In whichever sky his moon shines.

After seeing him riding his horse,  
The new moon turned into a horseshoe.

He became soul. Earth was his body.  
Isn't that glory enough for this world?

How lucky and happy is this heart  
That his close friend came and united with him.

The world is full of dust and dirt.  
It became beautiful, nice and decent  
With the light of soul.

Every fruit ripens when its time comes.  
Every work has been well harmonized.

Enough. Be silent. The one who talks with silence  
Is better in front of the one who talks too much.

Be silent. That bride of soul has been tormented  
For flirting with the non-confidant.

I don't find this explanation to be enough,  
Because I have experience.  
This rose marmalade is very nice for lovers.

I don't find this explanation to be enough  
In spite of the blindness of the person  
Who falls in doubt on the way of faith.

"When you are free, labor,"<sup>58</sup> the verse came.  
He keeps pulling us. No need for words. Be silent.

But even to talk is nothing but God's draw,  
Because, "He is nearer to him  
Than his jugular vein."<sup>59</sup>



## 73.

### *Verse 870*

The one who doesn't have  
A trace of You is not engaging,  
Even if he becomes the sun.

We are stranded, petrified at the door  
And roof of love, confused and bewildered.  
It is such a roof that it has no ladder.

Heart resembles a harp.  
Love is a plectrum.  
Why doesn't this heart scream?

Hear the yells of lovers today.  
It doesn't harm you.

Every particle is full of yells and screams.  
But what else could they do?  
They have no tongues.

The language of particle is movement.  
They have no other expression.

Hearts keep looking everywhere to see You,  
But what they surmise  
Doesn't even come close  
To the place where you are.

There are boundaries in this world.  
But my love and Yours have no boundary.

I haven't seen anything like Your spectre;  
It gives kisses, but doesn't have a mouth.

Neither have I seen anything like  
The looks you give;  
They throw arrows but have no bow.

You gave me a belt to put on my waist,  
But my heart, that resembles a child,  
Doesn't have a waist.

You called and said, "Come. Reach me."  
Without Your favor soul doesn't have the power  
To come and reach You.





## 74.

### Verse 882

Untidiness comes from being double-faced.  
Happiness is from union.

If you are coy, the beloved will also be coy.  
Two who are coy causes separation.

But if you keep begging, pleading,  
Hundreds of unions, embracements come.

Coyness makes a big town smaller.  
The heart that is squeezed there  
Desires to travel to a far away country.

If you don't shed the blood of boasting,  
That blood will rise and drown you.

Go ahead, purify this turbid coyness,  
Because joy comes from cleanliness and purity.

Friends want to have pleasure,  
Because desire also comes from pleasure.

He is the beloved. Don't break him.  
He is not a staff. If you break him,  
A sound like *crat* comes.

We know that sound of *crat* comes  
From our staff, comes from separation.



# 75.

## Verse 891

**B**e pleasant.

The one who knows the secret  
Knows that you are well.  
He is also in pleasure.

Be as sweet as sugar. Be grateful.  
The one who gives thanks will receive sugar.

Hands and pockets of thanks are filled with sugar  
In order to scatter on the heads of the thankful.

If you drink his pain and smile,  
You won't have any grief in your soul.

"How am I? Am I nice?" you are asking.  
You would be offended if I said,  
"Your face is a little bit sour."

Don't hide," you say, "but speak  
In my ear so nobody else can hear."

There is no earring of loyalty in your ears.  
My words will spread from your ear to others.



76.

*Verse 898*

Heart cries together with the Beloved's heart.  
The one who talks in silence talks like that.

I would say something,  
But even my tongue won't move  
Because jealousy's ear is everywhere.

I know that tongue and ears are both informers.  
I should tell things to the heart.  
Heart is the most secure one.

There are hundreds of sparks of fire  
In my eyes because of those fiery words  
That come from the heart.

The most amazing thing is that there  
Are so many roses, cypress and jasmines  
Inside of the fire.

In order to have fire and water  
Live together and walk together,  
The garden and meadow grow with that fire.

O soul, you made a home  
At such a garden and meadow  
That heart and mind are nourished from there.

How could it be that *we* and *I* and *such and such*  
Fit in that place where belief and unbelief  
Cannot be squeezed in?



## 77.

### *Verse 906*

We have gone. Best wishes to the rest.  
Those born here always die on this planet.

The One who lives above  
Knows that falling rock will surely hit the ground.

Don't be so angry. Relax. Under the earth  
Masters and pupils are all the same.

O pretty one, don't be spoiled.  
All the beauties buried here  
Have already turned to dust.

How long do you think it stands;  
This house built only by wind?

If we were bad, we died with our badness.  
If we were good, we are remembered  
By our goodness.

Even if you thought  
You were the master of your life,  
You went, just like the others.

Make good deeds your children  
So as not to vanish and be forgotten.

Strings spun out of virtues remain  
As the texture of the house of eternity.

The thing that stays immortal  
Is that filtered, pure essence of love.

Look at the sand, how it comes and goes,  
Moving endlessly, destroying one world now  
And creating new ones immediately.

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Here I, at this barren land  
Stand like Noah's ark.  
The flood is my time of death.

Noah's ark was also waiting for waves  
At the land of absence.

I laid down and slept among the silent ones,  
But our voices and screams  
Have long passed the boundaries.



## 78.

### *Verse 920*

○ greatest beloved! O beautiful  
Who is best in every business,  
You are deceitful, but the one  
Who loves you is also deceitful.

You are the last day of judgment;  
The town and bazaar have been  
Turned upside-down because of you.

O beloved, loved ones are crying  
Because of your love. I wouldn't even tell  
About the cries of lovers.

When the time comes for me to die,  
Don't watch my grave.

If you want to be resurrected,  
Put me in the wind of union.

Life and joy have no value without you.  
Where are you? Where are we?

If one of my blood vessels had a right mind,  
Without you, my main artery would be torn.

The road appeared to me short and straight before,  
Yet, there were hundreds of traps there.

I became drunk from your face  
That resembles a rose garden.  
I stepped on thorns. I touched the thorns.

I run to your bait like a bird, then I see  
That my wings and beak are in blood.

But the irony is that the wounds you inflict on me  
Are better and sweeter  
Than every grain in the barn.

O my beauty, life is haram<sup>60</sup> without you.  
Fate doesn't wake up without you.

As a matter of fact, fate is you. Life is you.  
The rest are empty words, names and bruises.

O one who took me out of his heart,  
You have forgotten me.  
Why don't you remember me?

Once the water flows through the creek,  
How does the firmament bring it back?

Be silent. The teacher of love, who tells secrets,  
Keeps increasing fights and obstinacy.





## 79.

### *Verse 936*

How come stars all around the sky  
Get a hold on the sign of such a moon?

He cares for neither the believer  
Nor the unbeliever; for him acknowledgment  
Is the same as denial.

Has anybody ever seen a heart  
That doesn't have heart?  
Or an annihilated soul  
That comes back to life with a sword?

If nobody has seen that, I have.  
It showed its face to me.

My deeds, my knowledge are all His.  
I am tired of other knowledge and worship.

That moon has stolen my sleep at night,  
But has offered me union, an awake destiny.

This union is better than a thousand sleeps.  
Don't even mention sleep.

A baby doesn't know what kind of effect  
His crying has on the heart.

When he cries, milk flows for him  
From a hundred different sources, secretly.

Cry even if you don't know why,  
Because heaven is set by your cries.  
Rivers will flow from your cry.

Enjoy the state of your sultanate tonight.  
Watch your glory. The sultan is in  
Our village tonight; so is the commander.

That morning of purity, that God's lion<sup>61</sup>  
Who attacks, turning and forwarding,  
Doesn't sleep and doesn't rest tonight.



## 80.

### *Verse 948<sup>62</sup>*

○ brother, is there anything better  
Than selling figs to the fig seller?

Cupbearer, remember our love.  
Pleasure and joy are not good

We don't have a mind to think about work  
And the store. O soul's cupbearer,  
Where is the glass?

Give the glass to us. Don't leave us.  
Good deeds are done quickly. Don't delay.

O One who gives life to hundreds of frustrated ones,  
Don't look too hard for loyalty,  
And don't reprimand us too much.

Wheat is wheat wherever it exists.  
Even on the day of threshing grain,  
It is still wheat for you.

If someone is a goldsmith, wherever he goes  
He asks for the goldsmith.

Good people drink wine  
Under the cloud full of wine.

Does your heart deem it proper  
To put a load on a donkey  
That is lean and wounded?

The world has its share in Your glass.  
Earth becomes green with that.

Let a poor, lean one be nourished  
In Your garden of mercy.

O cupbearer, don't delay  
And don't decrease the wine.  
Offer one glass after the other,  
O One who makes our life longer.

What would soul be under the shade of the Beloved?  
It would be like a fish in the river of Kevser.

Wash our fears with the clean cup of wine.  
Make them pure and clean.

Don't drive us away. Even if you do,  
We'll come back to your hand like a pigeon.

There is an early dawn of ten nights<sup>63</sup>  
In your river of overflowing, foaming wine.

Come to your senses.  
Shihabeddin Osmon<sup>64</sup> has arrived.  
Tell our gazel again.



# 81.

## Verse 965

Who could get tired of looking at that face?  
Who could be tired of our beloved?

O charmer whose justice makes the sky green,  
His favor fills the garden and meadow.

O graceful and coy ones, show your face.  
We are fed up with our life without you.

Scatter a thousand batman<sup>65</sup> of meze  
So all the poor will be filled.

There is such a meze at the assembly  
Of your content that even the eyes  
And stomach of prophets are filled by it.

When will fish be satiated with water?  
When will people be satiated with God?

Don't rush. Don't go.  
You are the secret chemistry. Don't go.  
That copper will be satiated by chemistry.

There is another table besides this one.  
The attained ones eat from that table  
Filled with blessings.

Since my soul found the pleasure of His torment,  
It has fallen in love with His suffering,  
Is tired of his devotions.

Solomon became tired of splendor,  
But a job is not satiated with trouble.

What kind of rule is it  
That the horseshoe is put on in reverse?  
Are the hungry less than satiated?

Be silent. Leave this rule.  
Aren't you tired of this order?



## 82.

### *Verse 977*

Night has come, but that is for others.  
My night is day with the face of my beloved.

If thorns cover the whole world,  
We are in a rose garden  
With the help of the beloved.

If the world is prosperous or in ruin,  
It doesn't matter; heart is drunk  
And has fallen and been scattered  
In front of the beloved.

Because to be aware of something  
Is ignorance of the whole,  
The important thing  
Is to not be aware of anything.



## 83.

### *Verse 981*

**I** told you a hundred times:  
Watch the back and front.  
Don't insist with rage and anger.

If you play the saz<sup>66</sup> of loyalty,  
The organ of mercy  
Strikes your plectrum nicely.

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You know very well that hard strikes  
Will break the strings.

Serve wine. Don't sleep. We sleep,  
And the instigator is awake. That's not nice.

I am a naive man. Keep talking and advising,  
Muttering one thing after another.

Yet, the beloved's drunk eyes  
Smile at my advice.

He jokes with my words saying, "How nicely  
You are talking. Repeat it again,"

"If I don't accept your advice openly,  
Secretly I'll be worse than you are."



He is obstinate. He doesn't care for anything.  
The one who used to drink blood  
Won't be persuaded with coyness.

Be silent. Don't be afraid of winter.  
These jasmines are from God's garden.

Be silent. Even spring doesn't come in September.  
March can't curl his mustache  
To that garden of jasmine  
That always stays green.



## 84.

### *Verse 992*

Don't see me as being apart.  
I am very close to you.  
You are next to me.  
Don't separate yourself from me.

How could the house of the person  
Who stays away from the builder prosper?

The eye that rejoiced with my eye  
Becomes bright, sees absence and becomes drunk.

The heart where my wind blows  
Turns into a rose garden filled with lights.

If they give a drop of honey,  
It is a drop of honey, but has thousands of bees.

If they make you chief without me,  
You will be worse than thousands  
Who work at that business.

If you drink all the wine in the world  
Without me, it won't warm your heart.

How can you read a letter under lightning?  
How can you set an army with ants?

People are snow. The Beloved is the sun.  
Even if you don't say so,  
He would be seen and known.

People are ants. We are Solomon.  
Be silent. Endure. Hide.



# 85.

## *Verse 1002*

☉ brother, is there anything better  
Than to sell figs to the fig seller?

We live as drunks. We'll die as drunks,  
And we run to judgment day as drunks.

If we die and become soil, the cupbearer  
Who nourishes the slave and servant is with us.

His soil will get better and better  
Because he is a lover.  
His soil is mixed with soul's wine.

The soil grows flowers and says,  
"We are drunk on this side and that side."

The great man becomes more beautiful  
After he gets drunk. But soil is more  
Drunk than he is.

When you become drunk, you turn into soil  
And are laid down on the ground.  
Your captain takes the anchor out.

The rope of our anchor has already been broken  
For some time. Every piece of wood has been  
Separated from every other piece on our ship.

But you are free from bonds  
And saved from drowning,  
Because every piece of wood is a guide for you.

How nice is the breaking down like that.  
Look at it through the eyes of your mind.



## 86.

### Verse 1012

○ brother, is there anything better  
Than to sell figs to the fig seller?

We have reached good fortune and kingdom.  
Please offer the glass.

O beautiful-faced cupbearer!  
O charmer who has reached all his wishes!

Even the sun gets its light from you.  
Ca'fer<sup>67</sup> gained arms and wings from you.

We tasted the trouble of winter  
And turned a pale yellow, like fall's garden.

Hear the verse, *God gives water from this spring*,<sup>69</sup>  
And pour that red wine in the glass.

O clean sultan! O one who makes persons  
Pure and clean, wash the plate of heart from sorrow.

You are the benefactor of everyone, but Your favors  
Are much more for us than for other.

O Tuba tree,<sup>69</sup> happiness  
Becomes double under your shade.

We are in love with the Beloved's beauty.  
We have been dedicated to that love,  
Gave up all our work and occupation.

The one who enters Your service  
Receives the rank of sultan.

The person who is desired by the sun  
Will be illuminated like the moon.

People have become sleepy and thirsty.  
Give them wine. Quit talking.

Offer wine to the soul from Your stream,  
So his health and happiness won't be spoiled,  
His joy won't run away.

Today, sooner or later, a crowd  
Is coming as guests.

We would sacrifice oxen and camel  
To every brother who comes.

Which oxen deserves to be sacrificed?  
Mushtula<sup>70</sup> from mushtucu.<sup>71</sup>

You also leave this camel's grudge  
That carries sugar.

I said sugar. I didn't say glass.  
But wine is hidden in the appetizer.  
When appetizer is mentioned,  
Wine is also mentioned.

I will keep silent if you don't offer a glass,  
But you know what I do when I am silent.





## 87.

### *Verse 1032*

The dervish has another sherbet.  
He has a different mind and thought  
In his head and eyes.

Another rapture comes to the Sufi  
From the arch at the time of semâ.

You hear the music of appearance of sema,  
Yet the dervish has another ear.

There are hundreds of saucepans boiling here;  
But it is different  
Than the dervish's boiling and exultation.

You are sitting next to someone you don't see.  
You became drunk with another wine seller.

The dervish has been set free from the past.  
He has a different day than morning and evening.

We talked with silence, like the soul.  
We became admirers of another silent one.



## 88.

### *Verse 1039*

**Y**ou are a loser," you said.  
Even so, it is not your business.  
"You are a heretic," you said.  
That's what you think.

You said, "You are not a lion. You are a fox."  
Let's suppose that we are the lowest of all dogs.

"You don't know anything about heart," you said.  
O friend of my heart's soul, just ignore me.



## 89.

### *Verse 1042*

There is such brilliance in that red hair  
That it is above eye, soul and conjecture together.

If you want to stand at the door,  
Raise and tear the curtain of your self.

That fine soul became a form with eyes,  
Brows and a brunette complexion.

The abstract God has manifested  
As a form of the Prophet Mohammed.

His figure has no figure. His narcissus eye  
Is, exactly, the day of resurrection.

If you look at the people, hundreds of doors  
Are open from God to you.

When Mustafa's figure disappears,  
Allah-u Ekber<sup>72</sup> covers the universe.



# 90.

## *Verse 1049*

One who kept sleeping  
Woke up remembering the beloved;  
That friend of the cave is coming. Get ready.

The one who grants mercy to people has come.  
Wake up. Wake up and ask for mercy.

The one who gives souls to a thousand Jesus'  
Has come.  
Wake up, O one who died last year.

O cupbearer who feeds and educates his slaves,  
Wake up for the sake of two or three drunks.

O one who became the remedy  
For a hundred thousand sick ones,  
That restless patient is here. Wake up.

O one whose favor holds the patient's hand,  
Wake up. A thorn has gotten stuck in my feet.

O one whose beauty became a trap  
For pure, clean souls, the poor prey  
Is weak and incapable. Wake up.

Heart has turned into blood.  
Blood, exalted, is boiling  
Don't deem all this to be proper. Wake up.

Accept my apology if I asked you to wake up  
When I was having a difficult time.

O narcissus who has fallen asleep while drunk!  
O charmer whose face and cheek are beautiful,  
Wake up.

Fill the cup with wine that you  
And this servant of yours know.  
Offer it to me. Wake up.

O friend, wake up as broken down  
Before heart is broken.



# 91.

## *Verse 1061*

**M**y heart is tired from words about love.  
Wake up from sleep.

O beloved, whose face resembles fire,  
Don't stay away for even one moment from my fire.

My milk has boiled,  
Has become blood because of you.  
O lion, get in and splash with my blood.

I am resigned to my fate  
Because you are inflexible like fate  
And as quick as destiny.

Look and see how my heart's blood  
Has been smeared on my caftan.

Don't ever look at me with anger.  
Don't wake up that sleeping instigator.

Those sleepy, bloody, narcissus eyes  
Appeared to be sleeping but, in fact,  
They were not sleeping.



## 92.

### *Verse 1068*

**W**ake up. Start serving morning wine.  
Don't be obstinate. Offer your soul to the time.

Join the able ones.  
Don't mix water into the wine.

Calling you is like wine.  
Calling ourselves is like water.  
We resemble a donkey's head.  
You are the garden and meadow.

O sorrow, your death is in that bottle.  
If you want to die, don't run away.

Self's death comes from fate.  
The cause of the death of the dung beetle  
Comes from the smell of ambergris.

Our assembly is like a garden, a meadow.  
Roses are blooming. O cypress-statured cupbearer,  
You also get up.

Such a shiny, fiery glass after that.  
To feel shy, not to drink?  
Since you are the cupbearer,  
It is a sin not to drink.

Illuminate us like your beautiful face.  
Hang grief like an enemy.

We left the gazel because it is your turn.  
Come to the middle quickly  
With agility and bravery.





## 93.

### *Verse 1077*

**W**e are brave, insolent revolutionaries  
Who play with their lives.

It is a pity that this muddy flesh  
Is the peer to our pure, clean soul.

Everybody comes from the beginning to the end.  
Yet, we go from the end to the beginning.

The sultan has beaten that big drum again.  
Friends, all the falcons have flown, are gone.

Don't fly to six dimensions. Fly that way.  
Since that voice came and touched your heart,  
Head that way.

O ailing heart, gather our belongings.  
Only two or three days remain for our migration.

It doesn't matter whether you are  
At the top or the bottom here.  
Immortality, glory and superiority are all there.

Don't open the wings of words,  
Because you fly wingless on that side.

The things of which we are talking are all shell.  
Who has ever found the essence of that shell?



## 94.

### *Verse 1086*

The heart feels very good today,  
Because You drank the blood  
Of my heart yesterday.  
May it do You good.

You showed Your moon face yesterday.  
Yet, You manifest in thousands of shapes.  
You hide Yourself in thousands of covers today.

Heart prostrates in front of this eye.  
Soul turned into an earring for that ear.

You order, in every breath,  
“Put your mind in your head.”  
Do you expect reason and sense  
From the one who doesn’t have them?

I am your shrill pipe. You are the one  
Who talks through Me. I give your breath.  
If you won’t be exuberant, don’t be exuberant.

Even the lion becomes a cat from fear of You.  
Patience hides underground like a rat.

If every particle reaches ecstasy  
And opens its arms,  
That sun won’t fit in those arms.

Since every particle turned into a sun  
And wants to take you, sell yourself to him,  
Even if it's not for cash.

Don't tell the rest of the poem.  
We keep talking. The beloved keeps silent.  
That is a pity.

But, what can I do? It is an old rule  
That that sea keeps silent,  
But the waves become exuberant.



# 95.

## Verse 1096

Does the road of the one  
Who doesn't care anything for this world  
Look banal?  
On the contrary, both worlds become a slave  
And servant to that banal road.

O one who sees the world  
And doesn't see the soul, look for one full breath.  
The things you call *world* are nothing but soul.

The thing you call *world* is dust.  
The sweeper and broom are all hidden in that dust.

The day you are broken like hashish  
You will see where that torch is.

This love which is hidden and,  
At the same time, obvious  
Is bloodthirsty, cruel and rowdy.

When you are killed by His hand,  
You will reach life. The living one  
Is the one who died because of love.

This is such a love  
That it is impossible to keep secret.  
All the secrets of lovers are open.

If there were no love, there wouldn't be any beauty  
Who gives pleasure. What a beauty that is!  
Applaud. Applaud.



## 96.

### *Verse 1104*

We yell every night silently  
So that our voice doesn't go to every ear.

We put the cover on the saucepan of royalty  
So its smell doesn't go  
To the noses of ordinary ones.

This is not from stinginess,  
But his famous rose water  
Is not for the rat's nest.

Night has come. People's excitement has subsided.  
For us the time for exuberance is now.

This night has become so big and so valuable  
That it is pushing yesterday with its arrogance.

We listened to music for awhile.  
Now, we listen to the music of the ecstatic soul.

O sugar cane, your mouth is filled with sugar.  
Don't complain. Don't get carried away.

O ring of the tambourine, you broke your kite.  
Don't get involved  
With the sky, the well and bucket.

Soul hunts the lion  
And has given up rabbit hunting.

What is a rabbit? It is a lifeless figure.  
The mirrors at hamam<sup>73</sup> are full of hunting animals.

Say little of the word of soul to shape.  
Don't milk death's camel too much.

*Page 18 of original Divan, Volume II.*

Stay away from evil.  
Try to be a friend of the night,  
Because night covers his head with a scarf.

Take night in your arms  
Until you reach the morning of union.

We forget to sleep with the call of the beloved  
Who doesn't know sleep.

Know night as a black tent. You are with him.  
Drums are beating. The messenger is yelling.

This instigation increases with every moment.  
Love is much more tonight than yesterday.

What is night? It is the cover  
Of the face of intention.  
Blessings and bravo to that face.

Come to your senses. Start beating night's  
Drum because Siyavush<sup>74</sup> is riding his horse.



# 97.

## *Verse 1122*

**O**ur musician is beautiful.  
His harp is also beautiful.  
Heart has been ruined by his melodies.

Watch and see how beautiful his face becomes  
When he starts to play.  
A new color comes to his skin.

If you are tired of living,  
If you are depressed,  
Get up and embrace him.  
Put your arm around his waist.





# 98.

## Verse 1125

○ hodja, be smart. How come you don't know  
The wickedness and troubles of that rowdy one?

Don't scratch this face, of which even  
The absent being is jealous, with your dirty nails.

That idol, that beauty cannot fit  
Even in the imagination.  
Don't try to carve idols in your imagination.

He is all idols and all idol worshippers.  
What is left besides *all* and *everything*?  
It is absence, nothingness.  
There is nothing after that.

People neither understand that  
Nor do I have permission to tell it.

This lentil is the rice of cross-eyed ones.  
In fact, there is neither rice nor lentil.

The face that all faces envy is covered.  
How are they able to recognize Him?

If you steal, take from the live ones.  
O rascal who digs graves at night,  
Steal the shroud.

It is inevitable that the one who dies  
Because of fate and destiny  
Is also the one who lives.

Be silent. How could the one  
Who swallows opium during the day  
Appreciate the evening?



## 99.

### *Verse 1135*

O friend of the love who remains  
With his trouble and grief!  
O, the light, the eyes of the Beloved!

O remedy of health, happiness and growth,  
The medicine for the lover's weak body,

O beauty whose mercy and kingdom  
Snatch the lover's heart  
And take away his decision,

O friend who gives us preception as means,  
As an envoy to the lover, then turns them into gifts,

You are beyond everything.  
You don't care about the lover's struggle.

The reason for the lover's bitter weeping  
Is his longing for you and your charm.

All the lover's work and trade  
Depend on your order and desires.

The way the lover walks and ambles  
Is because of your guidance.

O one whose binding and ties  
Open the lover's heart,  
O one whose advice  
Becomes an earring to the lover's ear,

For some time, sleep hasn't found a place  
On the lover's shy eyes.

For some time, appetite has gone  
From the stomach of the lover  
Who eats morsels.

For some time saffron has been growing  
On the face of the lover  
Who resembles a tulip garden.

For some time the lover's lap  
Has been turned into a sea because of tears.

But all of these don't hurt  
Since you are the one  
Who finds a remedy for lovers  
And takes care of their suffering.

You could buy hundreds of treasures  
With one penny for the lover.  
Then, you eventually donate this penny  
To the lover.

O one who makes the words,  
*I become a guest to my God,*<sup>75</sup>  
An ornament of prose to the lover,

“I wouldn’t create the skies  
If you weren’t there.”  
Seven layers of skies were giving  
To the lover’s domains.

Be silent. His grace  
Praises the signs and words of the lover.



## 100.

### *Verse 1153*

Wake up from sleep. Put the harp in order.  
Walk off with the moon-faced, rose-colored seducer.

Without patience, neither sleep passes,  
Nor name and fame  
Without being spoiled by shame.

Reason has torn thousands of mantles.  
Manner has run thousands of miles away.

Heart and thought stand with anger.  
The moon and stars are fighting.

Stars have gone to war.  
The space of the universe has become smaller  
Because of His separation.

Moon says, "How long will I be hanging  
In the sky without His sun?"

The bazaar of existence may as well  
Be destroyed without His agates.

O love who has a thousand names and fame,  
O love whose glass is nice,  
The one who gives inspiration to thousands of ideas,

O formless being who has been wrapped  
With thousands of forms,  
O one who gives shape to the Turk,  
To the people of the land of Rum and Negroes,

Offer one glass of Your wine  
Or give a handful of opium from Your garden.

Open the cover of the jar once more  
So thousands of heroes  
Will put their head to the ground.

Musicians in the sky should play melodies  
Like a drunk.

The drunk should be freed from gossip  
So he can be bewildered until resurrection  
Like the ones who are resurrected.



# 101.

## *Verse 1166*

The day you pass through my grave,  
Remember this yelling, this exuberance.

O my eye, my light and brilliance,  
Illuminate the inside of my grave.

Illuminate it so this quiet body of mine  
Will prostrate in gratitude.

O harvest of roses, don't pass quickly.  
Cover me with your beautiful fragrance  
For just one short breath.

Even as you pass by, don't ever think  
I am far from your window, your door.

The stone that has been put on top  
Of my grave has tied my road,  
But I don't care. I will come  
Through the road of imagination.

Even if I have hundreds of satin shrouds,  
I am still naked if I am not covered  
By the dress of Your shape.

I resemble an ant digging a hole.  
That's how I ascend  
To the top of your palace.



I am like an ant. You are my Solomon.  
Don't separate me from Your presence  
For even one moment.

I become silent. You say the rest.  
I am tired of telling and listening  
All by myself.

O Shems of Tebriz, call me.  
Your call is  
The trumpet of resurrection for me.



## 102.

### *Verse 1177*

Since your love has burned me like aloe wood,  
There is not one knot left in my existence.

Sometimes I pierced the wall of the castle  
At the dome of the sky. At other times  
I burned and melted the seal on the coin of the sun.

Sometimes I followed the sun like the moon.  
A time came  
When I became notched and decreased.  
At other times I grew, became a full moon.

I have tried hundreds of times.  
My heart can't get enough of You,  
Has no patience waiting for You.

Why should I boast about generosity?  
My generosity, hair by hair, is Your generosity.

*Page 19 of original Divan, Volume II.*

If I grab the silver knob of Your door,  
It is not from my power.  
This is Your favor and Your kindness.

If I am an enemy of the dawn, I must be bait.  
If I deny Ahmed, I am malevolent.

You explanation sharpened my ears  
Because I heard that great secret,  
And I understood.

The torrent came and carried away the sleepers,  
But I was thirsty and awake.

Even if I don't wipe out,  
I shine my heart because of my leisure,  
Because the order of *Be* is cleaning.

Every sin I have committed  
Has turned into a good deed  
Because your favor and kindness  
Increased my grade.

Whether I ascend to the heights  
Or stay at the bottom,  
I rise to the throne with Your love.

If I keep laughing, it is from Your kindness.  
If I envy, it is from Your zeal.

O One who knows the secret of my woof and warp,  
I felt it sufficient to recall Shems of Tebriz.



# 103.

## *Verse 1191*

I am the drunk camel of my sultan.  
I chew and regurgitate  
Whatever passes through my throat.

My character resembles His face like a rose garden.  
The things I scatter are my flowers.

I pull a sour face like the sea, but my arms  
Are filled with pearls and coral.

Even if the Beloved doesn't want to meet me,  
I am in love with meeting Him.  
I am the friend of the cave for Him.

Although contempt is disgrace  
In the eyes of the people,  
This contempt is my praise.

Let this wind of the world blow away.  
Because of this wind,  
I am covered by dirt and dust.



## 104.

### *Verse 1197*

One who made me forget the time of my namaz,  
The time of namaz has come. Rest a little bit.

O one who drinks the blood  
Of hundreds of Kalender,<sup>76</sup>  
Drinking blood is permissible for you.  
Keep drinking.

O enemy of shame, disgrace, name and fame,  
You love. After that is happiness

To be Your drunk, then to have hands and feet,  
Craziness and insanity;  
After that is to worry about daily affairs.

I will ask. Will you tell me?  
Have you ever seen one  
Whose heart has burned so much  
But he is still raw?

It is obvious that my beloved  
Is tired and bored. I keep silent,  
Willingly or unwillingly.



# 105.

## *Verse 1203*

O my pleasant soul! O my world!  
I will wake you up from this deep sleep.

I will ask for your debt  
Without hesitation, without shame.  
You know I am a mean collector.

If I see dust and dirt in my heart,  
I will wash it away with my tears.

O soul's rose sampling, I put you in my arms  
To scatter to the assembly.

Give me a kiss. I take a toll  
From the agate on this road.

For many years, I have been watching the road  
Without a toll at this desert.

Since I want to collect a toll from the caravans,  
I should yell like the guards at night.

The one who resides with me at home  
Ran away from my screams.  
My neighbor went away from my wailing.



# 106.

## *Verse 1211*

**W**e want neither gold nor silver.  
We want arms and wings from Your favor.

We want to neither rule nor give orders.  
We want to follow Your command.

O precious life, be our life.  
We don't want week, month or year.

We are not a full moon  
Such that we can follow the moon  
And our stature become like a new moon.

In order to see Your image, we keep trying  
To turn ourselves lighter than the image.

We have been going back and forth to the well  
Like a bucket.  
We want that beautiful Joseph.

We want You to pull the ear of soul  
If he looks at others like an eye.

Be silent. How long will you keep talking?  
We don't want khal<sup>77</sup> when hal<sup>78</sup> comes.



# 107.

## *Verse 1219*

**W**e are a branch of the rose tree, not grass.  
We want a new accent.

We are the flower of sky's garden,  
The wine and appetizer of God's assembly.

We are not a trench. We are water.  
We are not a cloud. We are the moon.

We are Levh,<sup>79</sup> a pen, not the alphabet.  
We are a sword, a flag, not an army.

We are wounded by the arrow of your eye,  
And, at the same time, tied to your black hair.





# 108.

## Verse 1224

I saw your face that resembles spring.  
I noticed that even the rose felt shame  
After seeing you.

After You settled in my heart  
I noticed that my heart became restless.

I have become an eye-like narcissus  
Since I saw those drunk, narcissus eyes.

I should go to Love. Take shelter in Love,  
Because Love is the fort to protect humans  
From all troubles.

I have given up all earthly belongings  
And pleasures. I choose Your love.

In fact, You are wealth and possessions.  
You are the Soul of the universe.  
They were all one, yet I saw thousands.

I died and was resurrected because of You  
And saw the world a second time.

O player, if you are friend to a friend,  
Play from that tune, *I saw the Beloved*.

Why should I look for the beloved in this town?  
I have reached the favor of the Sultan of sultans.

I held him tightly in my arms and squeezed.  
Then I saw the ceremony of sugar cane, squeezing.

I closed my mouth to words because I learned  
To speak without numbers or alphabet.

I attempted to run, to amble on the road.  
There was not even one foot that touched the road.

I don't protect my head from loss or damage.  
I have seen so many heads wear a hat without a head.

Enough. The beloved is tired and bored.  
I see dirt and dust on his memory.



## 109.

### *Verse 1238*

**M**y heart has been submerged in endless grief  
Since I saw that peerless beauty.

“Tomorrow is the day they put up the bazaar,”  
You said.  
I noticed that the bazaar is also a pretext for you.

I have seen my heart turned into sweet and sour  
Like the seeds of the pomegranate.

After seeing Your honey, the poisons  
Of the world have become pure honey.

I have seen my soul like a beehive  
With small holes because of You.

I am on fire, but in love I have seen  
Only one flame of that inferno.

It is a chess board with hundreds of houses.  
I have seen only two of them.

One house is filled with dreaminess.  
The other with the wine of Mug's.<sup>80</sup>

Love has so many faces  
That it makes time's head dizzy.

*Page 20 of original Divan, Volume II.*

At that time, I saw a shortcut,  
A secret path from this side to that side.

I also discovered that reason,  
Which searches for that road  
And thoughts which deal with details  
Are nothing but nonsense.

Mind, at the top of the treasure  
That has no trace,  
Is confused and keeps yelling,  
"I found the track. I found the track."

He says, "In a dream I saw a nest for me  
Under the wing of that stately bird.

"I saw the soul, that can hardly walk  
From sorrow and grief, running in the land of heart.

"I saw the soul, who has seen them as fables,  
Become a fable himself.

"I saw how he cries like Berbard and Cegaane.<sup>81</sup>  
At the same time, he is not aware of his crying.

"Don't try to comb love's hair.  
It cannot be combed with this comb."

If you sing melodies to him for hundreds of nights,  
When morning comes, he says,  
“I didn’t even see you.”

“I have seen every trouble that has no cure  
Come running to the heart.”



# 110.

## *Verse 1257*

**D**on't ever call me old.  
How can I be aged? How can I perish?

I am the fish of the fountain of life.  
I have been submerged in the sea  
Of milk and honey.

I don't drink water anywhere  
But from the Beloved's ruby lips.

If His bow-like brows bend me like a bow,  
I won't worry. I am a straight arrow on His bow.

Since You gave me wings, why shouldn't I fly?  
You are my master. How could I die?

You throw me away from Yourself like an arrow.  
Yet, I am still with You.  
I cannot be separated from You.



# 111.

## *Verse 1263*

**B**efore we came here we were a water-like torrent.  
Before we go, our feet will fall in a trap and be tied.

We are check-mated  
Even before we see a chess board.  
We did not drink, even one drop, but we are drunk.

We are broken, scattered like the divided hair  
Of beauties before going to war.

It seems as if we are the shadow of that idol  
And worship to that idol  
From the essence of existence.

He shows his shadow, but He is not around.  
We are also like a shadow.  
We are absent and, at the same time, we exist.



## 112.

### *Verse 1268*

We would come like dancing particles.  
We would surrender ourselves to Your sun.

Every morning we would rise like the sun  
From the east of love.

We would be involved with the wetness  
And dryness of this world,  
But we wouldn't become wet or dry.

We have seen so many drunks  
Crying and yelling,  
"O Glory, rise and shine so we become like gold."

We have ascended to the sky and reached the stars  
Because of their begging and sorrow.

In order to buy a necklace  
For that silver-bodied beauty,  
We would become ambergris.

We tear our mantle to pieces  
In order to wear that mantle with six edges.

We are getting by with the provisions  
Of the road of absence.  
Let's be drunk with red wine.



Even if they give the poison of the whole world,  
We will change this to sugar inside of us.

We keep fighting like Sencer<sup>82</sup>  
On the day the heroes ran away.

We drink the enemy's blood like wine,  
Stand in front of the dagger.

We are among the circle of drunk lovers.  
We come to the door every day  
And hang like a ring at your door.

He is the one who wrote the decree of our mercy.  
Why should we be afraid of death?

In God's spiritual dominion, in the land of absence,  
We ride the gray horse of the sky.

We are concealed in the land of flesh,  
But manifest openly in the land of love.

Shems of Tebriz is the soul of souls.  
We rise together from the sign of eternity.



# 113.

## *Verse 1284*

**W**e are the bewitching beauty  
For the soul of lovers,  
Not like a landlord who stays still at home.

Do you think we don't know  
What you have in your heart?

Aren't we the ones  
Who are the secrets in the imagination?  
Aren't we the ones who cook every love?

Hearts are our pigeons.  
We send them in a different direction  
With every moment.

Body said to the soul, "Show me proof of that."  
Soul said, "We are the facts and signs."

Pay attention to your speech. We are the words  
And meaning inside of your mouth.

We take you in our arms with every breath.  
We keep driving you to comfort and trouble.

We make you taste the wine that comes from earth  
As long as you are bound by the elements of nature,  
Fire, water and air.

After that, we wash out your mouth.  
Then you arrive at some place.  
We are the ones who are hidden there.

You'll understand us when we pull  
Your existence and belonging to Absence.

You'll understand time when you gather  
And fold up your form and shape from space.

You'll look around. You won't see time.  
You'll say "We are in the land of no place."

You'll look everywhere. You won't see time.  
You'll start saying,  
"We are in the world of spacelessness."

Your body will be painted by your heart.  
You'll get into play, saying,  
"We are everywhere.  
Everywhere is nothing but us."

You'll put your lips to our lips without lips  
And acknowledge that we speak the same language.



This is the end  
of the first half of

Bahr-i Hezec Ahrab Museddes

## NOTES

- 1 The four Caliphs after the Prophet Mohammed.
- 2 Sophist: Skeptic.
- 3 Rustem: Strong hero in Persian mythology.
- 4 An old saying.
- 5 Yakin: Certainty.
- 6 This poem is written as a form of repeated  
quatrains.
- 7 Rustem-i Zal: Rustem's father.
- 8 Koran XIX-25.
- 9 Keykubad: Name of the just king of the  
legendary  
Key dynasty of ancient Persia. A great king.
- 10 Six-cornered: Six dimensions.
- 11 Mustafa: Prophet Mohammed.
- 12 Kevser: River in paradise.
- 13 Kadir: The 27th of Ramadan, when the Koran  
was revealed.
- 14 Arabic folk tale.
- 15 Trotter: Bone part of sheeps head.
- 16 Kulah: A conical hat.
- 17 Friend of cave, Abu Bakr. Koran IX-40.
- 18 Iman: Religious leader.
- 19 This gazel was written in Arabic.
- 20 Kadir's nights: The 27th of Ramadan when the  
Koran was revealed.
- 21 Berat: 15th of Shaban; when the Prophet  
Mohammed was given the revelation of his  
mission.
- 22 Suhey: The star Canopus.
- 23 Hatem: Proverbial man known for his  
generosity.

- 24 Abdal: According to Sufis, Abdal are the seven  
sages who attained divine truth after the  
Prophet Mohammed's departure.
- 25 Hamza: Uncle of prophet.
- 26 Koran LXXXIX-14.
- 27 Pir: Patron saint.
- 28 Ahmed: Prophet Mohammed.
- 29 Abu: The father of ignorance.
- 30 This gazel was said probably after Shems  
returned.
- 31 Verses 9-12 are in Arabic.
- 32 Zulfekaar: Iman Ali's sword.
- 33 Meze: An appetizer.
- 34 This verse is from Divan's Istambul University  
version.
- 35 Franks: European reference to the Crusaders.
- 36 Azer: Uncle of Abraham.
- 37 Old custom for women and children.
- 38 Taraz: City in Central Asia famous for its  
beauties.
- 39 Burak: White horse on which the Prophet  
ascended to heaven.
- 40 These quatrains are very similar to gazel 50.
- 41 Sahur: The meal before dawn; during Ramadan.
- 42 Gayb: Occult, unknown.
- 43 Kalender: Kalenderlik: A Sufi school.
- 44 Mahmud: Famous ruler of Gazne.
- 45 Eyaz: Mahmud's slave.
- 46 This verse is not in Divan's Konya version.
- 47 Suheyl: A star.
- 48 Rebab: A three-stringed violin.
- 49 Kebap: Roasted meat.
- 50 Shibli-Abu Bekr: a Sufi who died in 940.  
Abu-l hasan Harkan: Sufi who died in 1033.

- 51 Koran VII-172.
- 52 Ritual ablution.
- 53 Koran LXXVIII-7.
- 54 There is an old belief that fairies exist in baths  
and waterfalls.
- 55 Koran LIII-14. Sidre: Border tree. The  
Archangel Gabriel went to that tree with the  
Prophet.
- 56 This verse is from Istanbul University, not  
Konya.
- 57 Koran XII-24.
- 58 Koran XCIV-7.
- 59 Koran L-16.
- 60 Haram: Religiously forbidden.
- 61 Iman Ali-Hayderi-Kerrar.
- 62 Even numbered verses in this gazel are in  
Arabic.
- 63 Koran LXXXIX-2.
- 64 Shihabeddin Osmon: According to Eflaki-  
Menakub, this person is Osman-i Kavval or  
Osman-I Guyende. A musician of the inner  
circle of Mevlana.
- 65 Batman: Unit of weight.
- 66 Saz: Stringed instrument.
- 67 Ca'fer: Ca'fer-i Tayyar.
- 68 Koran LXXVI, 21.
- 69 Tuba: Tree in paradise.
- 70 Mushtula: To give good news.
- 71 Mushtucu: One who gives good news.
- 72 Allah-u Ekber: God is great.
- 73 Hamam: Turkish bath. Apparently they did  
have animal figures on the mirror there at  
that time.

- 74 Siyavush: Son of Keykaveus. (Iranian mythology.)
- 75 Hadis: Ahadisi: Mesnevi page 36.
- 76 Kalender: Sufi school.
- 77 Khal: words and speech.
- 78 Hal: Ecstasy.
- 79 Levh: Levh-i Mahfuz. The tablet of god's decree. Preserved to the end of time.
- 80 Mug: Magician, fire worshipper, tavern keeper.
- 81 Berbard, Cegaane: Stringed instruments.
- 82 Sencer: A Persian king.

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We have gone. Best wishes to the rest.  
Those born here always die on this planet.

The one who lives above  
Knows that falling rock will surely hit the ground.

Don't be angry. Relax. Under the earth  
Masters and pupils are all the same.

Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi

*Divân-î Kebîr Meter 13*  
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